THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Weekend Review

Vol. XLIII. No. 1098 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1952 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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Rival Pressures in Egypt

SINCE the massacre of Ismailia and the Cairo riots, it looks at first sight as though the situation in Egypt had improved. The extreme measures of military security taken by General Erskine in the Canal Zone have been largely relaxed: in Cairo and Alexandria there have been no signs of renewed public disorder. Complacently, we are informed that the strong action taken by King Farouk has been successful; and that an atmosphere is being created in which renewed Anglo-Egyptian negotiations will have a real chance of success. Unfortunately, this placid picture is a caricature of the facts. Egypt still teeters on the edge of revolution, and the temporary calm, though it might last for a month or two, is a lull before the next tempest of violence. The only question discussed in Cairo to-day is whether this violence will be deliberately provoked by the Palace or whether it will once again be a spontaneous eruption set off by an incident in the Canal Zone.

For several weeks the King and his advisers have been manœuvring for a showdown with the Wafd. Aly Maher, the independent Prime Minister, who was hurriedly appointed after the riots, attempted—with a good deal of courage and some success—to revive public confidence while simultaneously co-operating with the Wafd to form a United National Front for the negotiations with the British. But this did not suit the King. A fortnight ago Aly Maher was suddenly and quite unexpectedly replaced by Hilaly Pasha. Since then the Cabinet has concentrated on one objective—not to unite the nation but to smash the Wafd, which, despite its corruption, is the only parliamentary party in Egypt that even pretends to have popular support. In order to force a showdown, the Public Prosecutor first issued a report directly incriminating Serag ed Din, the Wafd Minister of the Interior, as responsible for the riots, and then, last Tuesday, arrested both him and the late Minister of Social Affairs. Few observers in Cairo doubt what the intention is. Hilaly Pasha is waiting impatiently for the next popular rising. When it comes, he is determined to use the Army to shoot the rioters down. Then he will be in a position to arrest all the Wafd leaders, dissolve Parliament and institute a Royal military dictatorship. And, when all this has been achieved, it is confidently expected that Britain will realise what her "true friends" in Egypt have done for her and grant them as their reward a new and generously phrased Anglo-Egyptian Treaty.

If this is indeed Hilaly Pasha's plan, he should be warned that he cannot rely on British encouragement. To pin our hopes on a Royal dictatorship would be criminal folly. The Wafd may be weak and corrupt; but behind the Wafd stands the Moslem Brotherhood, a far more formidable revolutionary organisation which has so far not shown its hand. Like its counterpart in other Moslem countries, the Brotherhood is pledged to restore the true law of the Koran. Whereas the Wafd, in its origins at least, is a Western democratic party, the Brotherhood is fanatically opposed to every kind of collaboration with the West. It abominates with equal fanaticism both usury and alcohol, and even declares that it will fulfil literally the Prophet's injunction that the penalty for theft on the second offence must be the loss of the left hand. The more the Wafd and, with it, Parliamentary institutions, are discredited, the stronger grows the Brotherhood. It already dominates the universities; it controls many of the villages through its recruitment of young schoolmasters; it organises the trade unions along with the Communists; and, finally, it has plenty of arms and gunmen at its disposal. Its leaders are delighted to watch Hilaly Pasha destroy its only rival in the leadership of the Egyptian revolution. When the Wafd has been broken, then the Brotherhood believes that its day will come.

If we connive at a Palace plot to destroy the Wafd, we should not be helping to restore Law and Order, but merely delivering the incipient national revolution into the control of fanatics inspired by a puritanical fervour of hatred against the West. True enough, most of the Wafd leaders, who pose as nationalists and social reformers, are in fact corrupt politicians. They have unleashed revolutionary forces which they do not understand, and they are now shivering in their shoes because they cannot control them. But the only chance of preventing a catastrophe in Egypt is not to destroy the Wafd -but to relieve the pressures which are driving thousands of decent and sincere young Egyptians into the Brotherhood. The chief of those,

pressures is the presence of a British Army in the Canal Zone. As long as it remains there, and as long as we seek to suborn Egyptian politicians to connive at its presence, we play into the hands of Moslem fanaticism. The one way to give Egyptians a chance of saving themselves from the Brotherhood is for the British Government to follow the precedent of India. While remaining firm in our defence of the Sudanese right to independence, we should announce a date on which the last British soldier will be withdrawn from the Canal Zone. Until Egyptians believe that we really intend to fulfil this promise—which we have made and broken some thirty-odd times—it will be impossible to establish satisfactory relations with them.

New Moves on Germany

The Russian proposal for the withdrawal of all occupation troops from Germany, and the creation of a unified independent State with its own army and industry, is the most important diplomatic event since Mr. Malik's initiative, last June, for truce talks in Korea. Up to now, the Western Powers have been able to justify their determination to push ahead with the rearmament of Western Germany, and its integration under N.A.T.O., on the ground that the Kremlin had blankly refused to consider any tolerable all-German settlement. Moreover, such low-level peace feelers as the successive Grotewohl proposals could be dismissed on the grounds that, if Stalin were in earnest, he would speak in his own voice. Now he has spoken.

The new Russian line has obviously embarrassed Dr. Adenauer, who was forced to describe it as a "promising offer." But the embarrassment of the Communist Party—particularly in France—is no less obvious; overnight they have been forced to give up the root and branch resistance to any form of German army, which was their most popular propaganda line. It must also have come as a grave shock to every Slav Government in Eastern Europe. The Poles, for instance, though they may get a little satisfaction from Stalin's insistence that the Oder-Neisse line shall be the frontier of the new State, will hardly be able to suppress the fear that once again the Russians are contemplating a deal with Germany at their expense.

What has prompted a plan so sensationally at variance with established Russian policy? First and foremost, of course, the need at all costs to put a spoke in the German wheel of Atlantic defence. With the initiative wrested from his hands during the last twelve months, Stalin has been faced with a clear-cut choice: he must either negotiate at once or accept a *fait accompli* in the West. There is no reason to doubt, therefore, that he really wants Four-Power negotiations; indeed he may even be ready to accept an independent armed Germany as a lesser evil than the integration of Western Germany into the Atlantic defence system.

If, as we believe, Mr. Eden is aware of the dangers involved in America's plan for rearming Germany, he now has his opportunity for action. Every effort will be made by Washington to prevent a Four-Power conference. Already, for instance, it is being argued that Stalin's sincerity should be tested by whether he permits the U.N. Commission to investigate the possibility of free elections in the Eastern Zone. Mr. Eden must realise, however, that the Russians have a very strong case for objecting to United Nations interference in a matter which exclusively concerns the Four Powers. To transfer the German negotiations to the Assembly would be the most effective way of preventing agreement.

This is not to say that the issue of free elections in the Eastern Zone is unimportant. On the contrary it is the crux of any settlement. But Mr. Eden would be wise to agree with Stalin that it should remain the concern of the Four Powers, and to concentrate his main criticism on the proposal to permit a German army. For a trial period of some years at least the security of a unified Germany would surely have to remain in the hands of the occupying Powers and a central Government be established on the Austrian model. Only when there is some evidence that the new German State would not use its independence once again as a bargaining factor between East and West could there be any talk of a German Army.

Revised Draft for Austria

The text of the "short" treaty of Austrian independence handed last week to the Soviet Government by the American, British and French ambassadors in Moscow is scarcely calculated to narrow the gap between East and West on this obdurate problem. It proposes, briefly, that Austria shall be re-established as a free and independent State, with the sole reservation that she may not re-enact an *Anschluss* with Germany; that she shall be relieved of all reparations and have all former German assets restored to her; and that the Occupation forces shall be withdrawn within 90 days of the treaty's coming into force. As these provisions would require the Soviet Union to hand back to Austria the Danube Shipping Company and the oil installations now being exploited for Russian benefit, it would be unrealistic to imagine that the text has any chance of being accepted in Moscow—quite apart from the fact that no proposals are made for removing the stumbling-block of Trieste. In thus deciding to go back on all the concessions which were made to Russia in the hope of securing a treaty which, even if imperfect, would involve the withdrawal of Russian forces from this Western bastion, the Americans—obviously the prime movers in the matter—have clearly had two ends in view. On the one hand, the State Department wanted to make a move which would put the Western allies right with Austrian public opinion—a repetition, in fact, of the tactics of Mr. John Foster Dulles in Japan—and, at the same time, the Administration was anxious, in election year, to demonstrate that it is prepared to be "beastly to the Russians."

Another Failure in Teheran

The departure from Teheran of the International Bank's negotiators sets the seal on the failure of the oil talks. It has been clear for some time that nothing material would come of them, for Dr. Mossadeq's terms never approached the conditions on which the Bank would be prepared to take a hand in Persian oil, but it seems that the Premier kept the Bank's men hanging around as a defence against his domestic critics. During the talks, the Persians do not appear to have budged at all. They offered no concessions to the Bank on the nationalisation law, which would have reduced it to being a mere agent of the National Oil Company; they insisted that the Oil Company should be permitted to market as much as 30 per cent. of the output below the price at which they wished the Bank to sell the remainder; they refused to accept British technicians; and they made it clear that, to them, the real function of the Bank would be to supply funds and experts that they could not secure themselves. Some modifications to these terms were suggested by Mr. Hasibi, notably a proposal that the former Abadan employees should be sent to U.S. companies and thus release Americans for work at Teheran, and a scheme whereby the Bank would operate Abadan at one-third output, employing only Persian personnel. It would have been surprising if an American-run Bank had accepted these terms, indeed it is surprising that the Bank's negotiators dallied so long over them. Now this attempt to re-start Abadan has ended in failure, it is difficult to see what Dr. Mossadeq can think of next. Unless another effort is made to reach agreement with London, it seems that the Persian oil industry will be reduced to a tiny operation supplying low-grade fuel to the domestic market, while the giant plant at Abadan stands as an unproductive monument to Persian nationalism.

WESTMINSTER

Mr. Butler's Progress

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The Budget debate in the Commons followed a fairly tranquil course and reached its conclusion last Monday in an atmosphere of lethargy, not wholly dispelled even by a characteristically robust Party speech from Mr. Dalton, who, to his credit, obstinately refuses to recline under the mantle of elder statesmanship. The Opposition, for technical reasons, allowed the debate to end without a Division and recorded their disapproval later in the week, when the Budget resolutions were formally reported to the House. The debate as a whole added little to reputations, apart from that of the Chancellor himself. An exception might be made of Mr. Jay, whose popular reputation of good-tempered eccentricity is constantly belied by his close grasp of economic matters and his quick sense of Party opinion.

The Labour benches as a whole concentrated on debunking what they claimed to be the spurious glamour which the Budget had attracted on its first day. In this task they probably had success. A Gallup Poll, taken immediately after the Budget statement, showed that altogether too many of the public—from the Opposition's point of view—had been deceived by Mr. Butler's sleight of hand. By the week-end, Labour Members in contact with their errant constituents detected a gratifying change of view. The Labour movement was pretty solid against the Tory Budget. Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Glenvill Hall, Mr. Harold Wilson, Mr. Dalton and Mr. Jay, all played their part in directing this change of opinion; and the Labour Party sighed its thanks for an interlude of functional unity after the fratricidal rumpus which had preceded it. It is true that several of these happy warriors, as they left the Budget debate, seemed to be sharpening their long knives for Wednesday's party discussion of the new Standing Orders. But even a brief respite was welcome; and the Budget has

certainly done something to divert the Party's attention from what is becoming an unwholesome preoccupation with its own navel.

The one man who really added to his stature over the Budget was Mr. Butler. A few weeks ago he was tipped in these columns as a promising outsider for the Tory succession. Since the Budget his odds have shortened considerably. His opening speech was by any Parliamentary standards a great personal success. It is not altogether easy to see why. Mr. Butler is no orator. He lacks even the assured lecture room touch of, say, Mr. Gaitskell, who always wins appreciation for his kindly manner in over-simplifying complicated matters. Mr. Butler's Budget speech was the dreariest for many years and in some ways the most obscure. Yet he won an ovation from his own followers and temporarily threw the Opposition off balance. The explanation probably is that he produced what Conservatives were quick to recognise as a Party Budget and he presented his concessions with such an air as to give it a good chance of wider popularity. This was a relief after the carefully worked up atmosphere of crisis, and it was taken as evidence that Mr. Butler was not, after all, a secret Socialist. That reputation has always been the albatross round Mr. Butler's neck, and has gone a long way to offset the general recognition that he is a vote-getter in the marginal seats. The applause he won last week came from the solid ranks of the black-coated, machine-turned young business men who featured so largely in Lord Woolton's 1951 Collection, and who will dominate the Tory Party in Parliament for many years. Backing from this quarter is significant support: it is what is called in the parlance of the race-course, "inspired money."

PARIS

Fools' Paradise ?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: What is happening in France is very odd. Round the still rather sketchy personality of M. Antoine Pinay, the air is resounding with echoes of Poincaré and Doumergue, and the magic word "Confidence." Pinay is undoubtedly the darling of Big Business. The Bank of France, though nominally nationalised, still speaks with the voice of *les deux cent familles* through its Governor, M. Baumgartner; and M. Baumgartner, who was exceedingly tough with the Edgar Faure Government, and could never forgive the support it gave to the Sliding Scale Bill, has been most accommodating in relation to M. Pinay. The panic rates on gold and foreign bonds have slipped down to a more "normal" level; and the Government is now getting help from the Bank of France and also from O.E.E.C.

M. Pinay himself says he will keep prices down. Electricity rates will not be increased, even though this increase, planned for April 1, was calculated to contribute to an extension of the Electricité de France's capital investment programme. M. Pinay is in constant consultation with the Employers' Federation and various Farmers' and Wholesalers' organisations, and it is odd to see prominent members of the Right now protesting and complaining against excessively big agricultural prices and illicit profits. There is undoubtedly a margin of profit in France which can be narrowed down, and M. Pinay has apparently decided to do it with the consent of the vested interests concerned. But these, needless to say, will not give away anything for nothing; and the price that M. Pinay will be asked to pay will be heavy.

Although the details of the "other" part of his programme have not yet been disclosed, some of the items widely spoken of are cuts in the social services, de-nationalisation of a still unspecified number of industries, new anti-strike legislation, and reduction of capital investment. And, on the horizon, there is the mirage of a vast "Confidence Loan." Pinay is, in short, being built up as a sort of financial wizard; and just as he was lucky in Parliament, when twenty-seven Gaullists suddenly rushed to his support, so he is lucky because this is springtime; and in springtime there is always a seasonal drop in farm prices, and these can be even more easily controlled with the Big Farmers co-operating with the Government. At any rate, housewives are glad to think that prices may not go up for a time; everybody is prepared to be grateful to M. Pinay for small mercies.

There is also this: for the time being, Pinay has taken the wind out of de Gaulle's sails, and if (a big *if*) his "experiment" lasts any length of time, more and more Gaullists in the National Assembly may come over to him and so form a solid Right-wing majority. That is the *political* aspect of the Pinay operation. On the other hand, thanks to the sudden support given Pinay by Big Business, the evil hour of Mendès-France austerity has been postponed. Pinay is, in fact, doing practically the very opposite of what Mendès-France would have done; and it is the fear of Mendès-France, who was next on President Auriol's list of prospective Premiers, that largely prompted Big Business to go all-out in support of Pinay.

Only, where is M. Pinay going to get the 600 or 700 milliard francs he will require to fill the budget deficit? Here we are still completely in the dark. At the moment, however, it looks as if he were going to take his time and allow the good effect of "confidence" and stable prices to sink in; after that, some new taxes will be proposed, but, at the same time, heavy cuts in the social services and capital expenditure. In the immediate artificial paradise of sudden Confidence, it has become almost indecent to mention Indo-China. Yet the situation there is gravely deteriorating and latest reports say that the position of the French troops in the Tonkin delta is becoming increasingly precarious; that Hanoi may soon be directly threatened, and that Bao Dai troops are going over to Vietminh.

As for Europe, despite the presence of M. Schuman in the Government, there are growing signs of a departure from the "traditional" Schuman policy. Amongst M. Pinay's immediate associates, there is strong feeling against the Schuman Plan and the European Army; and the latest Soviet proposals for a peace treaty with Germany, amnesty, national army "for her own defence," and all, have been less badly received in French Government quarters than in Washington, though, as *L'Observateur* remarks, it is doubtful if Paris will follow up the Soviet proposal constructively. As seen here, Russia is now willing to agree to almost anything, so long as Germany does not ally herself with the U.S., and considers a limited "neutral" German army (Swedish model) a lesser evil than a German army dominating the European Army. The French Communists, who had for years demanded that there be no amnesty for Nazis and no German army "under any shape or form" have been put in an awkward spot; yet the fact remains that Moscow has, for the first time, addressed itself direct to the German people and especially to the German industrialists, always interested in Eastern markets, over the heads of Washington, London and Paris. This move, it is felt here, opens up all kinds of new possibilities.

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WASHINGTON

The Court and the Teachers

An American Correspondent writes: The Supreme Court's decision to uphold a New York State Law which prohibited the employment of "subversive" teachers in the public schools was hardly unexpected. From the Smith Act, which bars the teaching and advocacy of forceful overthrow of the Government, to the Feinberg Law, which bars the alleged teachers and advocates, is a consistent if decisive step. The N.Y. Board of Regents can now, with the Court's approval, prepare a list of organisations in which membership by teachers is prohibited. No doubt it will rely heavily upon the list drawn up a few years ago by Mr. Tom Clark, then Mr. Truman's Attorney-General and now a Supreme Court Justice. The Board, of course, will have to hold hearings during which suspect organisations can testify, a procedure which Mr. Clark did not regard as necessary, but the results can be taken for granted. The Board of Regents in Mr. Dewey's New York will not be more "civil libertarian" than the Truman Administration or the Truman Supreme Court.

Mr. Justice Minton, a Truman appointee, speaking for a majority of six Justices, held that "the school authorities have the right and the duty to screen the officials, teachers and employees as to their fitness to maintain the integrity of the schools." And in determining fitness, he continued, in an outright espousal of guilt by association, "one's associates, past and present, as well as one's conduct may properly be considered. . . . From time immemorial, one's reputation has been determined in part by the company he keeps." Freedom of speech and assembly, he found, was not abridged, "except in the remote sense that limitation is inherent in every choice." The teachers "may work for the school system upon the reasonable terms laid down by the proper authorities of New York. If they do not choose to work on such terms, they are at liberty to retain their beliefs and associations and go elsewhere." In recent weeks, however, that liberty "to maintain their beliefs" has proved to be the liberty to remain unemployed; it has been enjoyed by teachers, a large number of newspaper employees, union officials, civil servants, artists and musicians.

Of the three dissents, that of Mr. Justice Douglas was the most vigorous and incisive. The Justice, whose acute perception, it has become clear, is not confined to questions of law, found guilt by association to be "a principle repugnant to our society. . . . The law inevitably turns the school system into a spying project. Regular loyalty reports on the teachers must be made out. The principals become detectives; the students, the parents, the community become informers. . . . The prejudices of the community come into play in searching out the disloyal. . . . There can be no real academic freedom in that environment. . . . Yet it was the pursuit of truth which the First Amendment was designed to protect."

Few Americans to-day share these dissenting convictions. The Court's ruling is broadly popular. In 1946, a public opinion poll showed that two of every three Americans thought that some kind of free speech ought to be prescribed. Now, by a cruel jest of fate, the Supreme Court the liberals always wanted, a Court that responded to public opinion, has been created. The Supreme Court to-day does not even wait to follow the election returns: it is following the popular mood created by the newspapers, the American Legion and the heresy-hunters in Congress.

The Foundations of Tory Britain

THE Budget debate concluded this week has followed normal party lines. Mr. Butler and his followers have sought to cash in as much as they can on an immediately friendly reaction from the public; while Opposition spokesmen have concentrated their attack largely on the cut in the food subsidies and the plight of the very poor. Few members on either side have paid Mr. Butler the compliment of treating his Budget as a serious and thoughtful attempt, the product of six years of cerebration in the Central Office, to lay the foundations of a post-war Tory Britain. Yet this is what it is; and, provided the Government survives to continue on the Right Road, the social implications are of considerable importance.

Stripped of its glossy wrappings, the structure of the Budget is not complicated. The Chancellor has deliberately raised the cost of living to the consumer by taking action to increase the price of food, transport and, less directly, household textiles and popular-priced clothing. He has made some show of tempering the wind by increased pensions and family allowances. He has attempted to unload from the U.K. economy some of its surplus burden; but, by concentrating on investment cuts, he has chosen a method which, if continued for more than a few months, must have grave consequences in the long term. Finally, he has adjusted income tax allowances, in an attempt to provide adequate incentives to make the workers work. Mr. Jay, whose forthright condemnation has been perhaps the most effective of the Opposition criticisms, claims that the effect of these measures—by far the most important is the increased price of necessities—will be to set in motion a Government-induced cost-inflation. Mr. Butler's implicit answer, not dissimilar to Mr. Gaitskell's a year ago, is that more expensive necessities, by mopping up excessive purchasing power, will provide the moderate disinflation which is all that is necessary this year. Which view is likely to prove correct?

In the first place, it can be taken for granted that there will be a sharp rise in the cost of living index in the next few months. Any disinflationary benefits which may accrue from the investment cuts will be nothing like adequate, in the short run, to offset the increases caused by lower food subsidies and dearer fuel oil. Secondly, those who will be most severely affected by this rise, the lowest-paid workers, are offered no sufficient protection. So, as a direct result of the Budget, the poorest sections of the community will become poorer. This, of course, is no accident. The maxim which lies at the very heart of Tory doctrine on incentives is that poverty is a punishable offence, and the hard conditions of poverty are its inescapable penalty.

The difficulty facing the lowest-paid workers is that, as a group, they have little opportunity of increasing their earnings by harder work or higher productivity. If they desire to accept Mr. Butler's challenging incentive and exculpate themselves from the stigma of "criminal" poverty, they can do so only by a direct struggle for higher wages. This struggle is now about to be joined; and it is not likely to be limited to any particular "under privileged" section of the workers. The whole working community will suffer restriction of purchasing power from rising prices. Few families will be fully compensated by increased benefits. Comparatively few wage-earners can increase their earnings very much by overtime working in existing conditions of raw material shortage. When skilled men see their unskilled brothers taking direct action for higher wages, they will follow suit. Why should they not? The Tory symbol of the ladder is meaningless, unless the skilled worker is encouraged to preserve—indeed, increase if he can—his well-earned differential over the unskilled.

The second direct result of the Budget, inevitable and justifiable, is, then, a considerable and general round of wage claims, which are likely to be pressed with none of the diffidence of the last six years. Mr. Butler has, in fact, abandoned any serious attempt to stabilise the economy by voluntary restraint. What is more significant, these demands are being precipitated at the moment when, for the first time since the war, production is tending to fall; and, simultaneously, this tendency is being aggravated by the cuts in civil investment. These cuts, in themselves a profligate remedy for the disease of extravagance, are doubly serious when they come in conjunction with other measures which rule out continued wage-restraint. So far, Mr. Jay's comment that the Budget will induce a cost-inflation appears to be justified.

But Mr. Butler, we believe, is not so simple as to have overlooked this danger. Against any tendency on the part of the workers to take too seriously his incentives to better themselves, he has armed himself with the weapon of a 4 per cent. Bank Rate. The fact is that Tory incentives absolutely depend for their efficacy on the existence of unemployment, to check wage demands and weaken the power of the unions. The increase in the Bank Rate at this moment and to this level is a measure so undiscriminating as to be useless in terms of real economic planning. But it will, in all probability, damp down marginal enterprise, reduce popular consumption—in housing as well as ordinary consumer goods—and create unemployment. It is the Chancellor's only hope of avoiding inflation and approaching his other objectives of achieving the arms programme and redressing the adverse balance of payments. By this method some sort of balance is possible, but at a relatively low level of production and consumption, and at the well-remembered cost of increased unemployment.

Without the underlying assumption of unemployment, the Chancellor's Budget statement does not stand up to examination. Whether or not his calculations will prove in the event to be correct is doubtful. Reputable economists disagree whether the basic climate for Britain in the coming financial year is inflationary or deflationary. Indeed, the margin between the two is very small, and many of the governing factors are imponderable. But Mr. Butler's intention is clear. Reduced consumption, increased unemployment, harder work, lower but cheaper production, all add up to a sort of balance. Britain is once again to be a land where the middle-classes can live like gentlemen; and the workers will have all the incentives, but few opportunities, to redeem their basic crime of poverty and hoist themselves to respectability.

New Hampshire Sketchbook

(By an American Correspondent)

THE Republicans of New Hampshire are said to resent outsiders arriving to tell them how to vote. Consequently, all the major campaigners in last week's Primary Election, who, with the exception of Governor Adams, were outsiders to a man, took pains to assert their personal relationship to the Granite State. "As you all know," Harold Stassen began each speech much as Hitler used *wie bekannt* or the Cominform relies upon "As is well known"—"As you all know, Mrs. Stassen and I have always intended to make our summer home here in New Hampshire." Senator Taft usually recalled that his grandfather, as a youth, used to walk from Maine across New Hampshire to the University at Yale. Senator Saltonstall, speaking for Eisenhower, reminded every audience that he had been married in New Hampshire. Paul Hoffman of Marshall Plan fame, also stumping for Ike, had to reach rather further: "My wife's grandmother came from the White Mountains."

But there is little doubt that the palm in this particular contest went to Tex McCrary. McCrary is a wealthy, good-looking, brash young newspaperman, now turned television star, who regales viewers in New York at breakfast-time with one of those hearty man-and-wife gossip acts with Jinx Falkenburg, the better-looking former tennis champion, turned television star. As his nickname implies, he comes from Texas. At the Eisenhower rallies he would appear after the main speeches to compère the entertainment programme. McCrary's speech would start in a broad Southern accent, and its content was about as appetising to his Yankee audience as hominy grits. There would be a folksy anecdote about Tex hitching a team of mules to drag away an outside privy, in which, it appeared later, his father was closeted. He would explain that he came from the county of Texas which produced the best dam' cotton in these United States: "We used to send that cotton up here to New Hampshire to your mills, and I was interested in seein' what you-all made of our cotton. So I came up here to see for myself, and I still have many good friends who were classmates of mine at Exeter." It was rather like implying that you grew up in a Luton slum; therefore being interested in the distribution of straw hats you decided to enter Harrow. Some of the audience found this more patronizing than they could take and walked out. Those who stayed heard him introduce the rest of the programme—much about the bravery and charm of his wife Jinx—"and then there's that great aviatrix Jacquelin Cochran. She's for Eisen-

hower, and she's here to tell you why. To-morrow she goes to Canada to fly one of the latest jets. And to-morrow night"—a throb came into Tex's voice—"she will either be dead, or she may be the first woman to break the sonic barrier." And so it went on, one moment more embarrassing than the last.

The local Eisenhower backers were frankly worried by the Tex McCrary show. It was contributed, with horribly good intentions, by professional entertainers from New York who freely gave their services to the cause of the General across the water. Moreover, the local men agreed, it did fetch out a good-sized crowd, which might well prefer television at home on a snowy night. The best praise that they could muster was that it took two steps forward for each step back. Furthermore, though it might make the audience blush and seethe, at any rate it did not send them to sleep, which was more than could be said of the speeches of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the handsome Massachusetts patrician who is the National Chairman of the Eisenhower Committee. The audience at the Eisenhower rallies included many younger voters. They were keen, anxious for leadership. They came with banners, prepared to cheer. But five minutes of Lodge nailed them firmly to their seats. He read his speech, swallowing half of each sentence. He explained in merciless detail just how the Supreme Commander was Integrating the Southern Bastion of the Forces of Freedom into the Atlantic Community. "If you want to know where Eisenhower stands," Lodge would conclude, in what passed for a peroration, "he stands on the Elbe so that you won't have to stand to fight the Communists on the Merrimack."

General Eisenhower's sweeping victory, his full slate of delegates to the Republican Convention in Chicago next July, and his handsome majority in the accompanying popularity contest are all the more impressive when measured against the calibre of the campaign waged on his behalf. There is already talk of transferring its direction into the more capable hands of Paul Hoffman, who flew to Paris last week-end. The Eisenhower landslide has also provoked a rapid reappraisal of the vote-getting qualities of Senator Taft. The chairman of the New Hampshire committee supporting Taft has already transferred his allegiance to Eisenhower.

Taft campaigns with more diligence than enthusiasm. He has seemingly tireless energy. He appears to enjoy the brief private talks with local leaders, the assessment of the county situation and the suggestion of possible political patronage, more than the public meetings in schools and town halls. But he finds it difficult to avoid a bored expression when the village patriarch comes to shake his hand and explain how he once shook the hand of his Presidential father. When a photograph was finally arranged of Taft standing beside a dogsleigh dragging in an old man from the hills (actually the dogsleigh belonged to a well-known town resident who spent so much of his money on his huskies that his family was on the dole, and the old man had nothing to do with it at all except that he looked the part), Taft's only comment was "I saw a dogsleigh yesterday." His meetings tend to attract the older members of the community and the comment afterwards is usually "Did you see Taft?" rather than "Did you hear Taft?" Nevertheless, twelve meetings in a day, each with a speech of anything up to half an hour, are now an accepted part of his routine.

In his New Hampshire speeches, Senator Taft usually tackled straight away the argument of the Eisenhower and Stassen supporters that "Taft can't win" by recalling that in every election so far he had won. (He ignored his three defeats in his previous attempts to win the Republican nomination.) This invariably brought applause, as did his promise to dismiss Mr. Acheson from Federal employment immediately. There was also considerable interest when he attacked Eisenhower directly. But when he reached the main body of his speech his audience tended to yawn. Some speeches were devoted to the merits of the Taft-Hartley law, extolled with relentless assiduity. Others continued his familiar contention that America under the Democrats was in danger of going down the Socialist drain, through which Britain had long since disappeared. "More Government regulation also faces us in peacetime price control and rent control and agricultural control," he told an overflow meeting in Concord, "until, as in England, the Government will tell every man how he must run his business, when he can expand or not expand, what machinery he can buy, and what wages he can pay. In agriculture the proposals would soon lead, as they have in England, to the Government telling every farmer what he can raise and what he can't raise, how many beef cattle he can feed, how many dairy cattle he can keep, how many hogs and chickens he can raise. In England they even regulate the number of chickens." Taft seemed somewhat flustered during the question time after his speech when a young English voice piped up. It came from a Westminster schoolboy, now spending a year in America at the nearby boarding school of St. Paul's, one John Bunyan, sixteen years old. This Master Greatheart said with devastating calm: "My grandfather in England breeds chickens, and the Government doesn't tell him how many he's allowed to have. Why, Sir, do you say things about England that are not true?"

Stassen was the first to attack the Taft voting record on foreign policy with any vigour. ("Taft on foreign policy is like a blind dog in a butcher's shop," a local farmer said.) But Stassen was conserving his limited financial resources for major campaigning elsewhere. General MacArthur remained a man on a dark horse. Although he advised his supporters to vote for Taft, over two thousand took the trouble to write MacArthur's name on to the ballot. Two separate organizations with headquarters in the Middle West and New York were actively supporting him. Their main effort was to play recordings of his speech to Congress immediately after dismissal. The dramatic dropping of the MacArthur voice in the "Old soldiers never die, they just fade away" passage, was quickly overtaken by a rousing march on the refrain "I shall return."

In the dormitory of campaign speeches perhaps the most soporific came from Senator Kefauver, the tall, well-intentioned Democratic crimebuster from Tennessee. But he had a pretty wife, who could speak French to the farmers and millhands of French Canadian stock, and he mostly concentrated on walking round saying "I'm Estes Kefauver, Senator from the State of Tennessee, and I would much appreciate your vote." There is all the difference between a mink coat and a coonskin cap such as Kefauver affects, just as there is all the difference between calling a primary election "eyewash" as Truman did, and coming up to throw snowballs at small boys in remote villages. Whether Kefauver's sweeping victory over Truman, which surprised the Senator just as much as anyone else, has much wider implications time alone will tell.

London Diary

I HAVE been surprised that those great Liberal institutions, watch-dogs of our freedom, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *News Chronicle*, have not understood that one of their most cherished British liberties is at stake in the row between the Bevanites and the official leaders of the Labour Party. They have been blinded by their hatred of Nye Bevan and his followers—a hatred greatly enhanced by the fact that Nye has actually, by common consent, proved to have been right about the subject of the quarrel. Constitutionalists always boast about the unique position of M.P.s who are neither "delegates" nor "slaves of a party caucus." If the new Standing Orders are accepted by the Labour Party, then no Labour M.P. may either speak or act (except in certain special cases of individual conscience) in a sense not dictated by the Party. That means that real decisions are taken at party meetings and, in the House itself, that no one would be able to speak with any independence. Mr. A. J. Cummings has been violent about the wicked irresponsibility and indiscipline of the Bevanites. Has it occurred to him to compare Nye Bevan's position with that of Mr. Churchill during the Chamberlain Government? Mr. Churchill constantly spoke against the Tory leaders and abstained from voting with them in the Lobby, but I do not recall that Mr. Cummings thought Mr. Churchill should have been disciplined into silence.

* * *

The charge that the United Nations are using bacteriological warfare in Korea cannot be dismissed merely because it would be insane. Nothing is too insane for human beings. Since "rearmament" includes research into bacteriological warfare, it is at least theoretically possible (very likely without the generals on the spot even knowing) that the "specialists" might be doing a field experiment. So I made some inquiries, which suggested that flies and fleas would not to-day be the vehicles of germ warfare, that weather conditions at this time of year would prohibit it and that no way has been discovered of stopping germ war infecting your own troops. Conclusive? Perhaps not. But the Bulletin published by the World Council of Peace, denouncing the West for using bacteriological weapons, adds no positive evidence. It simply quotes Chinese press propaganda statements that on such and such a date so many boxes of flies were dropped somewhere in

China! One wonders how M. Joliot-Curie or the Chinese press know this.

* * *

The row in the Royal Institution which has been brewing for the past year came to a head last week-end when a special meeting of members refused to pass a vote of confidence in Professor E. N. da C. Andrade, the Director. Partisan feeling is strong and I am told that there may be resignations of members with serious effects on the finances and future of one of the world's oldest and most famous scientific institutions. I believe that one of the reasons for the adverse vote was the array of Fellows of the Royal Society behind Professor Andrade, the Director, in the big "show-down" with the honorary officers who, it was alleged, were obstructing him in his functions. Of the fifteen, who endorsed the motion supporting him, most were F.R.S.s of great eminence. But members of the Royal Institution, which was not founded as a society of scientists run by scientists, do not take kindly to the grand-avuncular attitude of the Fellows of the Royal Society and have never taken kindly to the suggestion that the Institution is just "the workshop of the Royal Society." They do not mind *employing* Presidents of the Royal Society, like Sir William Bragg and Sir Henry Dale, two Nobel Prize-winners, who were Professor Andrade's predecessors, as Directors. But bringing the Grand Fleet of the Royal Society into a personality skirmish caused considerable resentment and contributed to unfortunate results—unfortunate because incompatibility of temperament has now become incompatibility of principle. A sad predicament for an institution which was the centre of the scientific discoveries of Humphrey Davy, Faraday, and Bragg.

* * *

The legal decision which sent back to prison Mr. Remer, Germany's leading neo-Nazi, dramatically raises issues which have faced almost everyone on the European continent since 1940. In this country which has not been invaded or occupied, few people even yet understand how complicated the issues of treason may be. Some of us remember, for instance, a case like that of Roger Casement who was shot for being a traitor to Britain, though his real defence was that he was an Irish and not a British patriot. In the German case the issues are whether you were a traitor if in 1944 you tried to kill Hitler when it was obvious that he was leading your country to destruction. That, it was legally held, was not treason unless the assassins were in the pay of the foreigner. But how easy it would have been for the judges in a different political atmosphere to have come to the opposite conclusion! The whole subject in an era of conflicting interests and loyalties is incredibly difficult. In the last resort I believe almost everyone decides by some instinctive concept, such as his sense of honour, or, more usually, his ultimate loyalty to his country whatever he may have said about some conflicting loyalty to a religion or to international Fascism or Communism. Rebecca West brilliantly opened this intricate and difficult subject in her book *The Meaning of Treason*. The new edition which has just been published includes an additional chapter on the trial of Nunn May and Klaus Fuchs. In a brief preface she has knocked off a memorable epigram. She says: "Patriotism may be the last refuge of a scoundrel; but since all of us are to some degree scoundrels we are foolish if we get rid of our last refuge."

* * *

Lord Lindsay of Birker—or Sandy Lindsay as Oxford men all call him—"was a big man whose bigness never quite came through either in his books or his lectures; the former were apt to be lacking in personality, the latter in clarity. It was only in personal contacts that you realised how big a man he was." This comment by an old friend of Lord Lindsay's strikes me as apt. It was his personality rather than his writing or speaking that carried the intangible quality of "weight." He had real originality of mind and struck sparks out of minds that were themselves stale and tired. It was this originality that brought undergraduates flocking to his lectures on political theory in the years immediately before and after the First World War. "One had the sense," says my friend, "of being present at an occasion. But in the later 'Twenties and in the 'Thirties his influence as a teacher declined, partly because he had begun to play the traditional Master of Balliol's part in the world outside, partly because he was increasingly oppressed by the duties of administration." To which I should add that his decision to stand as a sort of "popular front" candidate for Oxford against Quintin Hogg before the war was the peak of his career. It was a symbolic, creative act. One of the things I myself liked about him was his excessive untidiness. He was the despair of secretaries and always gave the impression of being behindhand with work which he never caught up. Yet he was a most successful administrator. He was Vice-Chancellor at a time of great and mainly happy changes in the University of Oxford. Most remarkable was his decision at the age of seventy to organise a new residential University College for working-class people in North Staffordshire. Some critics have suggested that this was a testimony to his enthusiasm rather than his judgment and that he may have shortened his life by so much hard work at a time when most dons seek comfort. All I can say is that I pray for equally bad judgment when I'm seventy.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"Take Lloyd George," he said. "A great number of the difficulties we found ourselves in after the First World War were caused through the fact that Lloyd George was not brought up within the ruling class."—Rev. C. Dymoke Marr, Rector of Clewer, Windsor, reported in *Windsor, Slough and Eton Express*. (Marjorie Nicholson.)

Really there are three fashionable positions for the waist at the moment—high under the bosom, in its natural place, or round the hips, and when it does fall so far, it is usually suggested in the normal position as well. — *Sunday Times*. (K. Dyson.)

People who find it necessary to vomit whilst in a railway carriage should discreetly use their hats; this would come naturally to anyone properly brought up.—Letter in *Picture Post*. (Eric Lacher.)

BOOMERANG

(*To the tune of "Waltzing Matilda"*)

Once an Aussie Premier, camping in Canberra,
Permits for imports from Britain withdrew,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
"I won't go bankrupt, Britannia, for you!"

Bankrupt, Britannia, bankrupt, Britannia,
Sterling releases are long overdue,
And he sang as he severed the lifeline with the Commonwealth,
"I won't go bankrupt, Britannia, for you!"

Up jumped the M.P.s, protesting to the Minister,
Made in the Commons a hullabaloo,
But he sang as he boycotted textiles and machinery,
"I won't go bankrupt, Britannia, for you!"

Down came the squatters from Coventry and Lancashire,
Exports are piling and markets are few,
But he sang as he chucked out their cotton goods and motor cars,
"I won't go bankrupt, Britannia, for you!"

Up spoke the clothiers, bookbinders and publishers,
Set for a showdown with Canberra's crew,
But he sang as he threw back their trousers, coats and literature,
"I won't go bankrupt, Britannia, for you!"

Then said the Motherland, holding out her tucker-bag,
"Starving your mar is a crook thing to do."
But he sang as he slung out her fountain pens and aeroplanes,
"I won't go bankrupt, Britannia, for you!"

Bankrupt Britannia, bankrupt Britannia,
Dumping of exports is my bugaboo,
And he sang as he landed his economic boomerang,
"I won't go bankrupt, Britannia, with you."

SAGITTARIUS

Building a Nation

IT was dark before the meeting finished, so they brought two kerosene lamps and set them on the speaker's table. They cast a yellow glow upon the listening faces and sent long shadows striping across the people of the town of Peki, in the State of Peki, in Trans-Volta. Only the chief's representatives and the elders were clearly visible: they sat in front in their *kente* cloths that left, according to the manner here, their right arm and shoulder free.

This evening many such meetings were in progress in the Gold Coast, for this was the opening of "P.E.A. Week," the week in which the People's Educational Association would bring their efforts to an annual climax. Aiming at the provision of "opportunities for serious study for all those who wish to understand the problems of their own society," the Association is the child of a marriage between the thirst for adult education and the efforts of the Extra-Mural Department of the University College of the Gold Coast, based on Achimota but extending its work throughout the country. It has many local branches and many kinds of activity, typical among which are those which try to foster, in line with the Government's wider programme for Mass Education, what is called "community development"—the overleaping of barriers of ignorance and social dislocation which have prevented people here from knowing the need for wells and drains and other communal amenities. Sometimes these activities bear fruit; sometimes they do not; but P.E.A., strong in the determination of thousands of obscure people to elbow their way somehow or

other into the modern world, expands and flourishes. It was characteristic this evening that the people of Peki had demanded a meeting on the pros and cons of Local Government—an African innovation upon which the Government of the Gold Coast, fulfilling another of the recommendations of Sir Henry Coussey's memorable Commission, is about to embark.

They had pointed questions to ask, and they asked them of David Kimble, the Director of Achimota's Extra-Mural Department, when Kimble had finished a long and literally translated lecture. Though only thirty, Kimble has already made an educational mark in the Gold Coast: he came here four years ago from Berkshire, where he was an Oxford Extra-Mural resident tutor, and has built up a fine department which is spending, this year, no less than £50,000 of Gold Coast money. His audience knew him well, and question and answer came with great frankness. Would the chiefs be represented? Would they be over-represented? How much would it cost? One old man, standing on the cross-roads of a new civilisation, asked whether there were any known method of preventing young men and women from deserting their villages for the fleshpots of Accra?

After the meeting we adjourned for "cold beer," and the questions continued. There was again the impression—common enough in this country—of people in exceedingly modest circumstances who have just inherited an independent income, and are wondering how to spend the money and to use their independence, and what to do first, and how to do it. Alongside the familiar apathy and indifference of Africa there was also this sensation—not, perhaps, entirely an illusion—that "everything is possible" if only people can come across the keys that White men hitherto have kept strictly in their own pockets. Most of these keys—perhaps just because of the apathy and ignorance which governs so much that is done or not done here—are spelt in the one word "education". Become educated, and the world will lie, more or less, at your feet. It is a touching and at times tremendous sight.

"Are you a journalist?" someone asked me in the darkness after the meeting, and answered his own question by assuring me that he, too, had decided to become a journalist. "But tell me," he went on, giving way to a private doubt, "is it a good thing to be? And what sort of course should I take?" Peki, it needs to be explained, publishes no newspapers, although the deficiency in the countryside is more than made good by the plethora of little news-sheets that are published every day in Accra and one or two other towns. I was about to express some doubt on the value of "courses in journalism" when another voice cut in and said: "I'm taking a course; by correspondence, you know, from London. I get the papers here, and I send them back when I've done them. . . ."

The bungalow of the resident tutor for Trans-Volta and Southern Togoland is high up on the hillside, and is reached by a track which the townspeople of Chito have made for themselves. Being attached to their resident tutor from the Extra-Mural Department, they lowered the cost of the building by offering some of their labour free of charge. At six o'clock in the morning the hills on the farther side of the valley, the hills of Togoland, bask in the foggy dew like hump-backed whales in a steaming sea: it is an altogether remote and improbable place to find a resident tutor. But the people of Chito wanted his house to be here: they had their eye on something else. Not far above the bungalow there stand the beginnings of their great experiment. This great experiment of the people of Chito is called the Awudome Residential College for Adult Education; and it represents in more ways than one the still greater experiment that is going on—the building of an African Dominion.

Down in Chito itself, at half past six in the morning, a meeting is already in progress. During "P.E.A. Week" special efforts are to be made to shift the Awudome College another step towards completion. Everyone who matters in this town is here, merchants and masons and carpenters, wives and children, chiefs and elders. They are ranged round three sides of an open square, the weightier among them enjoying the shade of two or three trees, and listening to a local schoolmaster who is trying to explain the difference between the newly formed "middle schools" and the established (but very scarce) secondary schools. And then there was the question of medium: should pupils be taught in English from the start, or should they begin with the vernacular, treating English as a second language? Among several who held strong views on this was the local storekeeper, who argued for English from the start: weren't there many new words, important words, that the vernacular didn't have?

The meeting breaks up at eight o'clock, so that volunteers for the Awudome College can get an early start. For two or three hours after that the road from Chito to the "site" is enlivened with a steady stream of men and women and children; and by midday there are more than a hundred adults working on the site. The College, which is nearing completion now, has three nicely spaced buildings with a superb view of distant hills; it is to offer living accommodation for about forty students and resident staff. Built commercially, it would probably cost about £10,000: built by the people of Chito in their own free time, it is going to cost about a thousand pounds in raw materials (which they have raised themselves) as well as a communal effort unprecedented in its kind. Innumerable cans and basins of water will have travelled up the hill on innumerable feminine heads; sand and cement will have gone the same way; masons and carpenters and casual labourers will have given many thousands of hours of free time: already the College is nearing the point where the roof can go on.

Having set about building their college for adult education, the people of Chito have fairly clear ideas on what they want to do with it. They wanted it in the first place because extra-mural classes held once a week or fortnight had helped to stimulate a still more energetic determination to lever themselves into the modern world. Now they have decided that their college shall be governed by a locally elected council, and that one of its main tasks shall be to work a co-operative farm on adjoining land. This farm they envisage as a pilot project which shall teach modern methods of agriculture; although qualified assistance would help them still more. "We will buy equipment, tools, a tractor," they say, "if only we can get a good man to teach us. . . ."

After the Senchi ferry, on the Volta River, we stopped for "cold beer" at Mrs. Appea's house, which is just across the way from the Native Treasury. Senchi is only a straggled line of tin-roofed huts and houses, and looks as if no good thing could possibly come out of it. But many things are possible in the Gold Coast nowadays. Alice Appea is a storekeeper of Senchi: she has acted as a member of the national executive of the Convention People's Party, the party in power, and she is potentially a leading Gold Coast feminist.

She takes us across the road to shake hands with the Omanhene, the local chief, for the C.P.P. knows the need to carry the chiefs with it whenever that is possible; and on the way back she explains that it is high time for the women of the Gold Coast to exert themselves in woman's cause. The men, she explains, take their wives all too much for granted: they marry them so as to have children, and they work them to death. Then they like to throw them off and find younger companions. Or they go up in the world and want the wives of their youth to stand aside for other women who can better fulfil new social obligations. It is a situation, after all, which is not confined to the Gold Coast.

Mrs. Appea is trying to form a woman's organisation for her particular area, and to that effect she has been in touch with Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, for whose name she has much respect. She considers even that it might be a good thing to enlist the sympathy of the imperial crown, now that it is worn by a Queen and not a King. An energetic and handsome woman in her middle years, Mrs. Appea is also a portent of good things that are happening in the Gold Coast to-day. If European women had to fight for their rights, wasn't it clear that African women—now that Africans begin to govern themselves—would have to do the same?

A friend of Mrs. Appea's looks in to say that she is going to Accra. We offer her a lift, for we are also going there; but she shakes her head. "She has her own car," Alice Appea gently explains. . . .

At Odumasi, which is the capital of the State of Manya Krobo, they were getting ready for the durbar that was to be held in a day or so's time on the occasion of the chief's being awarded the O.B.E. by the Governor, Sir Charles Arden-Clarke. The chief of Manya Krobo is called the Konor, and the Konor's house was freshly painted, spick and span. Like other chiefs whose territories lie near the coast, the Konor stands in a long tradition of negotiation with Europeans. Upon the following Saturday, when the durbar was held, he wore a golden crown and looked for all the world like the dusky potentate in Brueghel's Nativity painting. He sat in state among many-coloured umbrellas which danced and bowed and twirled in the general jubilation. It was then announced, while we listened to the reply to the citation, that the Konor's great-grandfather had been awarded a Danish admiral's uniform by the Danes of neighbouring Christiansborg, that his grandfather had received from Queen Victoria a medal and chain, while King George V had bestowed the King's Medal for Chiefs upon his father, and made him a Knight Bachelor into the bargain. An O.B.E. seemed rather a come-down after all this: but times will change, and chiefs are no longer quite what they used to be. . . .

Back in Accra, there was a brains trust at the end of "P.E.A. Week." It went as well as brains trusts usually do, which was not very well, what with a certain amount of laughing and joking and with occasional solemn interludes. But there was one question, and one answer, which stuck in my mind.

"What is a National Bank?"

"The point of this question," said the man who was chosen to reply, perhaps one of the few African civil servants who can as yet carry the weight of senior responsibilities, "is, I suppose, that we ought to have one of our own in the Gold Coast. . . ."

When everything is possible—or at any rate much that was not possible only yesterday—it is desperately hard to know where to begin. In that case, people say, begin everything; and begin it at once. With cocoa prices booming, the Gold Coast has plenty of money: it remains only to spend it. What's difficult about spending money when there are so many greatly needed things to spend it on?

In these months and years that lie ahead, perhaps the severest test which faces Dr. Kwame Nkrumah and his African colleagues in the Gold Coast Government is whether they will be able to bring a wise, ordered and effective system of priorities out of this welter of demands for a wider and a better life—whether they will be able and willing to canalise this tumultuous demand for self-government and independence into channels which can really yield these things. For the way is hard, and the pitfalls—even within the cautious limits they have set themselves—are many.

Accra, March. BASIL DAVIDSON.

The Rhondda Marches

At first there were just the bandsmen huddled by a wall, sheltering from the rain; just the band and the rain and the empty Sunday street, its desolation reflected in the shining wet tarmac. Then, with the shock of sudden sunlight, the music started: to the strains of the British Legion favourite, "Old Comrades," the Rhondda marched again. Down Clydach Vale the procession wound and lengthened. For the first time for fifteen years the men of the Welsh valleys were threatening to take industrial action for political ends.

Is this movement against the Tory cuts merely a froth of wordy discontent? Will it subside under easier P.A.Y.E. and 3s. added to family allowances? Or is it, in the words of Will Paynter, newly elected President of the Welsh Area of the N.U.M., "One which will grow, eventually sweeping through the country like a mighty wave forcing the Tories out of office"? The truth, as usual, lies somewhere between the two extremes. If, as seems likely, the movement fizzles out for the time being, this temporary quiescence will indicate simply that the rebel protests have been silenced momentarily by the promise that the N.U.M. will demand higher wages and by the dreary reiteration of trade union constitutional procedure. Boredom, bureaucracy, and frustration may smother the fire, but only the arrival in power of a resolute Socialist Government, backed by a rejuvenated T.U.C., can prevent it from bursting out again. From now on the miner "rebels" regard themselves as the watch-dogs of working-class interests. The movement here in Wales has won support from all sides, and it is impossible to doubt that it represents what most ordinary people are feeling. It reflects their despondency at the little their wages will buy in the shops, a natural fear that rearmament will lead to war, and, above all, the growing realisation that a slump, accompanied by massive unemployment, may be waiting around the next corner of the road which Mr. Butler is mapping.

Nearly five years have elapsed since the miners of this country agreed to sacrifice, temporarily, the five-day week for which they had fought so long. They volunteered to work on Saturdays in order to help a *Labour* Government (at that time trusted implicitly) to peg the cost of living and to implement its election promises; and by now Saturday working has won more than 36 million tons of precious coal. But its price has been high: many miners who were young and vigorous in 1947 are now prematurely aged, their health irrevocably damaged through prolonged fatigue and lack of daylight. When the first extended hours agreement was passed, experts predicted that the extra shift would prove a short-sighted measure and urged that it should be terminated as soon as possible. Five years are a long time for an emergency experiment of this kind to last.

The protest movement, of course, is not confined to Wales. The Scottish N.U.M. has recorded its view that the extra coal is no longer being used to strengthen our economy, but is being diverted to feed a huge rearmament programme which can only result in economic ruin. Additional cause for Scottish hostility is that some pay rates there still lag badly behind those of other coalfields; if Scotland toes the line and agrees in the end to Saturday work, it will be because the miners are forced to do so by the rise in the cost of living. But protests in Scotland have been carried on with a careful eye to the prosaic niceties of trade union procedure. In Wales the movement has been pursued largely in the "poetry" of direct action—the language of the heart.

Back in 1947, Parc and Dare Collieries, in the Rhondda Valley, were the first pits to answer the Labour Government's call for Saturday work. On February 3, 1952, Tom Evans, chairman of Parc and Dare joint lodges, and lodge secretary Eddie Lloyd recorded an overwhelming vote from their members against the Butler cuts. Parc and Dare were once again first in the field. The suggestion that the "long week-end" was a suitable weapon of protest was enthusiastically adopted; hotheads, then and now, are still having to be restrained from handing in 14-day strike notices. Within a fortnight, more than fifty pits had joined spontaneously, and had stopped Saturday work. By the end of the month, more than half a dozen other trade unions, including the A.E.U. and the Boilermakers, were represented on the Action Committee.

Plans were now laid for processions with five bands to a mass rally at historic Tonypandy on Sunday, March 2. These nearly turned into fiasco; for, after a fortnight of sunshine, heavy rain started to fall early on Sunday morning. Eddie Lloyd, exhausted by lack of sleep, underestimated the extent of popular support and cancelled all the processions from the top of the valley. But stormy weather was unable to quench the enthusiasm of the men and women of Porth and Mid-Rhondda: two bands marched in spite of the cancellation, and more than a thousand people marched behind them. The Meeting Hall could seat almost two thousand, yet crowds eager to hear Paynter speak had to be turned away. At union meetings, Paynter has to confine himself to registering "constitutional" protests. Speaking at Tonypandy as a private individual, he gave a passionate speech in favour of opposition to the cuts. He described the movement as "one that would bring vigour back into the trade union Movement." Recalling his own participation in the Hunger March to Bristol in 1931, he said that in those days 50,000 joined that protest; in his opinion, we were again entering that phase now. "What is the good of a five-day week if it needs six days' work to live?" and "What is the value of two weeks' holiday with pay if, because of the high cost of living, we can't save enough to take a holiday?" His audience rose to him.

The reason that Wales and Scotland are the storm centres of opposition to Tory rule, and are prepared to take direct industrial action, lies rooted in the past. The miners of Lanarkshire and the Welsh valleys—with no alternative forms of employment to fall back upon—were the hardest hit between the wars; and probably the vehement reaction by Welsh miners to-day to the slow "constitutional" methods of Labour in Opposition is due to the fact that they have received the fewest social benefits from successive Governments. For instance, the Rhondda and the industrial areas of Scotland are still among the worst-housed areas in Britain, and the "toughness" of their attitude to authority in any form—every Welsh miner over forty carries a chip on his shoulder—is explained by the extreme privations of their youth. Now they have seen, or think they have seen, the portents of mass unemployment.

The movement hotly denies that it is "unconstitutional," and—attack being the best method of defence—asserts that the trade union leaders are failing in their duty to maintain and protect the living standards of their members. On the charge that, by withholding Saturday coal production, they will increase unemployment the rebels have two replies. One is the uncompromising voice of pacifism—that it is better to pause and reflect now upon a change of policy than to plunge further into rearmament. They also assert that "official Labour" is not doing enough in Westminster to protect the workers; and that Tory rule will lead rapidly to a million or more unemployed. They maintain that to continue Saturday working at a time of falling industrial production is mad; that the miners who work the extra shift will *merely be building up coal stocks which can be used against them to break a future strike.* The "rebels" consider themselves the guardians of working-class security.

Rhondda, March. HELEN GOSSE

Gadgeteering

I KNOW people upon whom the expression "Ideal Home" has the same effect as the dainty housewife grinning from most packets of father-mixture and some tins of peas. It makes them want to live in a hut of rammed mud and fry onions with everything.

This is perversity. Olympia this month has not been all house-pride and hoi-polloi. There are seriousness, and design, and much evidence that the Festival fellows *did* set off some new ideas. New chairs that can comfortably be looked at as well as sat in, a cunning use of space in cheaply designed houses, and a growing use of metal for delicate incidental furnishings. There is also a realisation that a home cannot be made ideal until you've got it: bearded young men with pretty wives gravely allow estate agents to show them that (if you get the licence) you can still build a house in some places near London; while for those who remain unconvinced, there are 22-ft. aluminium trailer-caravans. For me, though, the Exhibition is the salesmen. Not the courteous sycophants who drift towards you on casters when you stop to look at a washing machine or a fifty-guinea mattress. I mean the thick-voiced men and women who beckon little knots of people, sell them new preparations with names like *Stoopnomore* and *Chuckwashing*, and keep on hitting the counter with the backs of their hands.

I went from one of these to another until exhaustion brought home to me again the perennial failure of all exhibitions: too few places to sit down. True, there are a few chairs here and there, but they always have people on them; and there is a rest-room, but you always seem to be separated from it by 200 yards of jostling humanity. On the staircases to the gallery, families sit and munch their sandwiches under big red notices forbidding them to do so. If you want to sit lawfully, you must go on to one of the stands where something is being, or is about

PLATINUM

WHEN the Spaniards conquered South America, they found the Indians making white gold. This was an alloy produced by mixing gold with grains of a grey untarnishable metal, now known as platinum, a name given to it by the Spaniards from its resemblance to silver (plata). Platinum is gaining ground as a favourite metal for jewellery because, like gold, it retains its lustre and does not rust or corrode. This resistance to atmospheric and chemical attack, combined with its high melting point and ability to promote chemical reactions, has made it a metal extremely valuable to modern industry. Alone or alloyed with other metals, platinum provides electrical contacts and scientific apparatus. Finally, it is so stable that it is chosen for making the standard weights and measures kept by the Board of Trade in London. Platinum is especially important to the chemical industry, not only in laboratory apparatus, but as a "catalyst" — that is, a substance which assists a chemical process without itself being altered. I.C.I. uses platinum in the manufacture of sulphuric acid, one of the most important chemical raw materials in the world, and in converting ammonia into the nitric acid which is used to manufacture fertilizers, explosives and many other substances.

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to be, demonstrated, for here there are seats. But here, also, you become an exhibit. Until now, you have perhaps spent a little time watching the public shuffling about, and you have thought once again that our leading cartoonists, misanthropic to a man, are nevertheless justified in their skill. Now, being in the peep-show, you see why they cannot be justified, how easy their work is, what snobbery sustains their wretched fun. You screw round from the gaping public and give all your attention to the salesman.

But he is not, you find, a salesman. He is a lecturer on dietetics, using a pressure-cooker, some prepared vegetables, and a piece of wrapped fish to hold your attention. He offers "food-health" and gas bills of tenpence a week. He was speaking in stanzas, consolidating his progress carefully at the end of each. "Now, does everyone understand so far?" he roared, with his arms folded on the pressure-cooker and his eyes glaring over the tops of his glasses. One or two of us nodded, but nervously and perhaps imperceptibly. "Come on, come on, ladies" (I looked round, startled: yes, I was the only male) "I can't go on unless you're all with me." We all nodded vigorously, and he reluctantly took us a step further, reaching at last the stage at which we must wait four minutes while the three-course dinner inside the pan was being pressure-cooked. I was just marvelling at the way he held our attention with not even steam or the smell of dinner to help him, when the woman sitting on the next chair fell sideways against me, fast asleep. I sat her up and left—in a dead silence, lecturer and lectured all watching me balefully. I went in search of the gadgets—the true reason, the only reason for every Ideal Home Exhibition that ever was.

These fall as naturally as ever into their two classes, the new gadgets and the ones which, though you've known about them for years, present themselves annually as would-be revelations. I am always torn between the two. I want to see all the new tricks, but the old ones are always new to some people and it is deeply satisfying, standing among them, to hear their ingenuous excitement about the dear old can-opener that has for so long been screwed to the side of your dresser and decapitates a tin with three turns of a handle, or the carpet-cleaner that also cleans hats and bags, or the office memo-pad which you re-fill with Lilliputian toilet-rolls, or the bean-stringer. "Money back if you're not convinced," roars the salesman, but I could have told the simpletons around me that they wouldn't get their money back—these things work, they do what is claimed for them. The dish-cloth that looks and feels like perforated paper really *does* resist all grease and smells, and merely needs rinsing; the paint remover does remove paint—and will restore a ten-years-ossified brush to pliability; the malleable metal sets like iron, the patch you stick on your trousers instead of having it sewn on will be there when the trousers disintegrate. But what's new this year? Are the builders still putting red lead under sink-gratings, so that removal of the grating to clean the trap will break the lead and give you a sink that no longer holds water? They are. You still replace the red lead with a rubber washer made from an old hot-water-bottle. Are the lawn-sprinklers yet fitted with a stop-cock just outside their drenching radius, or must you still go back to the house whenever you want to move the sprinkler? They are not, and you must. Will milk-saucepans pour like decent jugs? None of them; nor will many of the jugs. Do the kettles have wooden handles? No; you still use a dishcloth, bind them with string, or yelp. But this year you can place over every electric light globe a little circular platform that deals death to flies, fix in the door of your flat a tiny peep-hole that gives a wide range of vision on the other side, and paint a ceiling in fifteen minutes with a roller. And what else?

I have brought myself to the gadget of the year, the one-in-ten-thousand that comes just in time to justify the *Daily Mail* in its yearly pleasure-dome. It makes pretty, multi-coloured cakes of soap out of all those slimy remnants in the bathroom. You drop them all into a plastic cylinder the size of a teacup, squeeze them between base and lid with the wing nuts at each end of a central rod, and turn out a disk of soap as solid as the Federation of British Industries. A wonderful thing, a toy but more than a toy, with two claims to 1952 pre-eminence: it gets immediate approval at home, so that you are allowed to practice, and it shows that Unilever and the great soap men do not have private assassins outside the Patent Office of the Board of Trade. An elderly gentleman four rows in front of me bought half a dozen. "It's all I came for," he muttered to me as he elbowed his way out. "Me too," I said.

C. H. ROLPH

In Memoriam

"LET us now praise famous men": Elias Brench was famous within the bounds of three parishes. That he was what the megapolitan world calls obscure is nothing to us who knew him: his fame was more real and immediate than that of those great men who make headlines. It is customary, when a public man dies, to celebrate his fame in an obituary. But that open conspiracy, deleterious to the social health of the community, and by means of which all prominent men excepting recognised criminals are said to have been virtuous, detracts from the value and interest of these funereal documents, as does the good taste which demands respect for the adage that of the dead nothing should be spoken but good. In the case of Brench, who has just died and whom I wish to celebrate, I prefer to follow the advice of Othello concerning the writing of his obituary: therefore I shall nothing extenuate, nor set down ought in malice.

It is probably only within our lifetime that the curious phenomenon known as *a character* has been recognisable, for men so designated are really no more than vestiges of humanity, anachronisms, survivals of that once world-wide race of integral human beings which preceded the present machine race. Such people are properly called *characters* because they possess the rare attribute of personal peculiarity which we relish, as we do the old products of manual crafts. In this sense, Brench was a character.

Of his youth and middle-age nothing is known but the fragmentary legend conveyed to us in his own anecdotal reminiscences. As we knew him, he was always sixty-five years old, bald and lean, firm and deliberate in his movements, with small, quick, shifty eyes and a sly smile. For all men who are completely alive, a minority that is, there is an age when they are themselves, significant. Some men are significantly twenty-five and thereafter negligible; others may come into the heritage of their significance, their effectiveness as people, at thirty, forty, fifty and even sixty. Brench was intended to be a man of sixty-five: the time that went before was only preparation.

At one time Brench worked as a jobbing gardener; at other times he was a small trader, dealing minutely in rabbit-skins, in spiles for fencing, in basket work which he bought from the gypsies. But he was rarely successful in commerce although each new essay was undertaken with zest for potential fortune; his great experience in the world and his excessive shrewdness defeated him because he could never bring himself to that minimum of trustfulness which a merchant must have; he had no faith in his fellow-men, he was, literally, too clever by half, unable either to tell the truth about his merchandise, or to believe that others might tell it about theirs. At one time, disgusted with petty business, he entered the professions; he set himself up, in a single, squalid room, as an osteopath, having, by his own account, learnt important secrets concerning the body, in India. But he had no patients.

Of what he told of his past, much of it had been in the company of a gentleman whose personality and appearance never really emerged: rich, well-born, powerful, ubiquitous and versatile, he remained known to us only as The Major. Of what regiment? In what army? We neither knew nor inquired; it was sufficient that he was one of the most remarkable men of his time, if his doings and gestures were anything to go by. I recall that when I was learning to fly, Brench took a keen interest, and this was only natural; for it seems that he, Brench, was one of the unrewarded inventors of flying-machines. It was the Major who, in the first decade of this century—for although Brench was essentially a man of sixty-five his count of years was eighty at his death—built the aircraft at his family estate. But it was Brench who solved the problem of the machine's stability in flight. "Brench," the Major had said to him, "that's the cleverest bit of engineering I've seen for years. Here, I'll give you a couple of hundred for it." And Brench, in those days insufficiently worldly, devoted to work rather than to its rewards, accepted this sum, derisory by comparison with what the Major subsequently made out of the patent. This, indeed, was a curiosity of the Major's character: that he was a perfect gentleman, who did the things that gentlemen in those days did do, but was not above sharp practice at the expense of his friend and servant.

This sum of two hundred pounds recurs so often in Brench's life that it takes on an almost mystical significance, and only a numerologist could explain it. Time and again it was the amount paid to him for some service worth far more, often by the Major, but sometimes by others whose august names were hinted at, but, loyally, even quixotically, never spoken. He was paid two hundred pounds for redesigning the automobile carburettor, although it was other men, Ford perhaps, or Nuffield, or Austin, who made the millions. He was paid two hundred pounds when, the Major's jockey being ill, Brench rode that officer's *Eastern Prince* to victory by a length in the Calcutta races, ruining four bookmakers and netting the Major over ten thousand pounds.

It was difficult to mention any subject to Brench which did not cause him to relinquish his fork or hoe, take tobacco and cigarette papers from his pocket, and, gently smiling, open an account of his own remarkable experiences in that field. But I am anxious not to give the impression that Brench was a complaining man: it was with the deprecating shrug of one who knew perfectly well how little gratitude, let alone reward, was to be expected from the world, that he told how he had not received the V.C., nor even the D.S.M., for going out into No Man's Land under fire and bringing in the Major, badly wounded. Moreover, Brench suggested by his tone, what he had done was nothing extraordinary; it was what anyone, perhaps, would

have done in his place. There was no payment of two hundred pounds for that service, for the Major, I have already said it, was well bred and, in return for his life, acknowledged an obligation which would end only with that life.

Reminiscence of hunting hung upon a transaction between us, occasionally repeated, Brench's offer for sale, and our acceptance, of a haunch of venison, with no questions asked. On each such occasion we heard, again, of the cool shot from Brench's rifle, nicely placed to bring down the charging rogue elephant which threatened the Major as that officer struggled with a jammed gun. We know that Brench was, in fact, a remarkable shot, almost blind to print, but falcon-eyed for the least movement of pheasant, partridge or hare; why not, therefore, of elephant? Rabbits he shot, but despised, and when he poached preserved game he did it not discreetly, without explanation, but justifying himself. Was it not true that, had he his rights, or even some part of what he had deserved from life, he would have had his own pheasants? And were not those men who did have them of that unscrupulous kind who had picked his brains, had put him off his fortune, time after time, with the mystically recurrent token of two hundred pounds? Brench talked, indeed, when he had a brace of pheasants in the bag, like the imaginary Socialist agitator of romantic Tory fiction: but it need hardly be said that, loyal to the class from which he felt himself excluded only by his own unworldly carelessness of what was due to him, he voted Tory in every election; and that he spoke of Labour politicians with the contempt that their ignorance of business, of science, of manners, of art, in short of life, called for.

It may give rise to some surprise that he should have included ignorance of art in his condemnation of the working-class sort of people. But he had painted in his time; he had, for example, recorded in oils the alarming incident of the charging rogue elephant. "Brench," the Major had said, "I'll give you two hundred pounds for that picture." But the artist had not taken the money, knowing, as he did, that in those latitudes his picture must be ephemeral; and, in fact, an army of white ants had eaten it in half an hour, as a sort of *hors d'œuvres* before setting about the rest of the furniture, which they had consumed in an afternoon, leaving only the brass castors of the chairs and the tin-tacks which had held the upholstery in place.

Occasionally Brench came across some writing of mine, or heard a broadcast, and then I would hear of his own work in literature. He had written poetry in his youth, but shook an indulgently smiling head over that. I was not to suppose, he implied, that he had a high idea of himself as a poet, although I was free to think that his verse had been better, possibly even very much better, than he cared to claim. But there had been articles contributed to . . . was it the *Times of India*? . . . at all events an important organ, when, in company with the Major, Brench was among the colourful but dangerous people of the North-West Frontier. Those articles must have possessed literary, as well as anthropological, value. Had he been well paid for them? Had he, perhaps, received two hundred pounds? He shrugged, he did not remember, it was not the point.

I mourn Brench. It is easy to say that he was dishonest and a liar, but there is a kind of truth in a man's account of himself, however it departs from scientific exactitude. The truth of his imagination, his vision. There was even a grain of objective truth at the origin of every pearl of adventure he secreted: he was, in fact, a skilful mechanic; he was clever with horses; he was a fine shot; he could use his hands and make a shot at a painting or a doggerel verse. He was a Buchan, a Dumas, a Mason *raté*, and I never heard the romances of those authors dismissed with contempt as a pack of lies.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

THREE SHAKESPEARE PRODUCTIONS

Now that the Old Vic is no longer competing in the West End at West End prices, it is only fair to judge it by rather different standards. One of the main functions of the Old Vic is to provide performances which, though the conditions of repertory and a tight economy do not allow them to be ideal, are yet such as to give their young and enthusiastic audiences a decent notion of the play produced, of what it might be, even if they cannot quite attain to what it can be. By this standard the production of *Lear* is not discreditable. There is much to criticise both in the acting and the production, but it never falls below a respectable level, and it aims at a high one. It will make any youngster seeing the play for the first time long to see it again—and better done.

What such a person would be missing in this production, whether he knew it or not, is, in fact, the poetry. And it might be argued, with some justice, that a production of poetic tragedy which fails in this, fails in everything; that it would be better not to have aimed at the scale of the tragedy and to have got near it in inessentials so long as the essential element was missing. But it must be remembered that the conditions at the Old Vic at the moment are unpropitious. A repertory company must have behind it a tradition and continuity as Stratford now has. The Old Vic's

Welcome
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tradition, owing to the disasters which have fallen on it lately, is all to be built again. Then, as a particular blow at this production, there came the resignation of Mr. Donald Wolfit for whom it was presumably designed. That fine actor, Mr. Stephen Murray, who takes over for him, is essentially a prose actor. He has a deep full tone in the lower registers of his voice, and is a master of placing, timing and spacing. But for the enormous range and variety of the verse he seems to have neither ear nor range. The verse, if he could only let it, would do half the work for him. But since he apparently can't, there is a sense of strain, of carrying too large a burden unaided, and a danger of monotony.

Then, the other leading actors are also mainly prose actors, Mr. André Morell, Miss Freda Jackson, Miss Coral Browne: so that what we are left with is a prose *Lear*, which succeeds in giving some impression of the dramatic scope and scale of the tragedy without giving us the tragedy itself. Still there were moments which Mr. Murray did bring off beautifully, in particular the mad scene with Gloucester, and the final scene of all. This last was peculiarly moving, excellently produced, and both the Edgar (Mr. Peter Coke) and the Kent (Mr. André Morell) had built up their parts so as to tell strongly here. Mr. Morell's Kent is the best I remember since Sir Ralph Richardson's, simplicity, dignity and nobility finely mixed. Miss Freda Jackson and Miss Coral Browne fought it out ferociously as the wicked sisters, and Mr. Leo Kern provided a new sort of clown, a prose clown with a beard, successful technically, though not, I found, æsthetically. Mr. Reece Pemberton's ambitious sets and costumes were for my taste altogether too lumpy and heavy.

The great advantage of continuity and a tradition is shown at Stratford; the tradition serves to buoy it up through its weaker moments. Thus the *Coriolanus* with which the new season opens is taken piece by piece, not entirely satisfactory. Yet the whole is on a higher level than anything we have seen from the Old Vic except the *Tamburlaine*. The vagaries of repertory casting and what seems to me to be a major flaw in the conception make the play seem duller and longer than it should. Even so it doesn't fall below the over-all standard which Stratford sets itself; it only doesn't rise to the pitch one always hopes for in the theatre and which Stratford has often given us.

The play is given in two parts. The first covers Coriolanus's losing struggle with the Tribunes; the second picks up at the point of exile, and the second part is very much better than the first. This, I suggest, is because the producer, Mr. Glen Byam Shaw, has misconceived the Tribunes. He makes them creatures of straw; one is a fat Egyptian-looking fellow with an impediment in his speech: the other an old, thin greybeard who squeaks like a castrate. How two such incompetents succeeded in rousing and directing a mob to the pitch of throwing out and banishing the great general-hero, it is impossible to imagine. It happens, but somehow in spite of them. A noble, brave, soldierly, virile Coriolanus seems to be winning easy round after easy round over these two impotents, when suddenly you find he's got himself banished. That is the effect we are given; and surely it makes nonsense of the tragedy. It certainly robs the first part of any dramatic excitement and conflict. I'm not, of course, suggesting that the Tribunes should be the fine, noble, generous Champions of the Poor of some Soviet cartoon; Shakespeare was not a romantic fellow-traveller. But on the evidence of their achievement alone they were tough, successful agitators able to lead and control a dangerous mob (the mob in this case was not half dangerous enough) for a specific purpose. Ninnies can't do that. Surely contemporary history would give the producer any number of examples of what tribunes of the people are really like.

The theme of *Coriolanus* is generally taken to be the simple one that Pride must have a fall, and pride is the flaw in the general's otherwise remarkable character. Mr. Quayle's *Coriolanus* tones this down. He speaks out his part bravely and soldierly, fights magnificently and receives his honours with a most becoming modesty. But where was the icy contempt, the disdainful grandeur, the patrician hauteur which rightly maddened the people and gave the Tribunes their necessary handle?

Without this and without any effective opposition from the Tribunes the first half drags its slow length along. The second part is altogether alive. The arrival of the exiled Coriolanus at Aufidius's house is excellently staged, and the dramatic tension builds up from that point. Mr. Laurence Harvey, the Aufidius, has the makings of a Shakespearean actor, a good carriage and movement, and a voice with considerable possibilities. It wants much work done on it yet. Mr. Michael Hordern is a great addition to the Stratford cast. He gave a fine professional performance as Menenius. A less Roman collection of women can hardly have been assembled for these, the most Roman parts of all. But Miss Mary Ellis will doubtless settle better into Volumnia as the run proceeds. A less young-looking make-up would help enormously.

The O.U.D.S. *Hamlet* was an honourable rather than a thrilling production. Mr. David Williams, the young Hamlet, sustained the part up till the last scene with complete command. But it is a great drawback in an actor to seem charmless and heartless. The Claudius of Mr. Arthur Ashby came out very strong, vivid and controlled. Mr. Michael Levete made an easy affectionate Horatio, though kept firmly at a distance. Mr. David Henschel's Player King was in an excellent style, excellently put over. The Laertes of Mr. Hargey Hallsmith, though immature, was touching and true. Miss Judith Stott acted the modern over-romantic conception of Ophelia with great pathos.

T. C. WORSLEY

MOVING OUT OF AQUARIUS

IT is not the habit of the Third Programme to do things by halves; and no one could complain that the Schönberg celebrations, which are now in their last lap, have been planned on a niggardly scale. Every phase and department of the composer's output have been covered in a series of well-rehearsed, and often brilliant, performances. These have followed a roughly chronological order, and it has been illuminating to trace the long curve of the composer's career from the lush prolixity of his early work, such as *Verklärte Nacht* and the *Gurrelieder*, to the severest specimens of the twelve-note system. At any point in the trajectory, Schönberg has proved himself capable of making beautiful passing textures and patterns; the difficulty, for the listener, has always been to keep afloat in the ocean of sound. In the early post-Wagnerian works, the idiom is only an extension of the familiar: the themes of the first *Kammersinfonie* of 1906 belong recognisably to the same world as those of Strauss in *Don Juan* and *Heldenleben*, but Schönberg lacks Strauss's power to clinch the argument—or, to be more exact, he anticipates those later works in which Strauss too began to lose himself in the endless exfoliation of musical matter.

No wonder the discontented Schönberg felt the need to make a clean break with the late Romantic idiom; yet, in doing so, he did not change his nature. He remained deeply rooted in the German æsthetic of music, which thinks of form as constructive elaboration, while the French and Russian æsthetic (typified in our day by Stravinsky and Prokofiev) sees it as shapeliness. He had the Viennese tendency to long-windedness, and in consequence his musical ideas speak most easily to the public when they are allied with poetry (as in the *Gurrelieder*, a great deal of which would become very popular but for its enormous scale and consequently rare performances), and still more when they are also presented in miniature (as in *Pierrot Lunaire*). Hedli Anderson's brilliant performance, at Hampstead and on the air, of *Pierrot Lunaire* must have made many converts for this fascinating work. At a first hearing it seems all Charles Addams; the reciter, we feel, ought to be standing on bare boards in that clinging, rat-tailed, jet-black gown; her Sprechgesang sounds, when loud, like sinister boasting; when soft, like babyish wheedling. But with familiarity these grotesque aspects recede, and the evocative power and nostalgic beauty of the music, especially of the last part, force themselves on our attention.

The performances have been interspersed by a long series of talks by friends, relations and pupils of the composer, planned by Michael Tippett, who has himself made a substantial contribution. He is not a Schönbergian composer, but he has flung himself with immense and commendable enthusiasm into the task; evidently he is attracted by Schönberg's intransigence and "purity," by the very violence of his revolt against the past. I have listened with admiration and interest to most of Mr. Tippett's talks; but I am not convinced that he was the clearest expositor or advocate that could have been found. He was always lively, throwing off bright ideas and analogies like sparks from a Catherine wheel. Schönberg was declared to be "like" Freud, Picasso, James Joyce; we were whirled through bewildering perspectives of art and history, as though by the Red Queen. Sometimes, like Alice, we wanted to cry: "Stop!"

> In Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* . . . the very words are dismantled and reassembled. The immense book goes round in a huge circle. We read where we began. It would probably be quite as proper to read it backwards. In the Lyric Suite of Alban Berg, one of the fast movements is written in an exact mirror form. Would it do the same for us in this piece if it were played backwards—or upside down? Probably. Take it or leave it.

This is a confusing and somewhat antagonising statement to throw at the serious listener; it is also not quite true. *Finnegans Wake* goes round in a circle, in the sense that it begins at the moment when its hero falls asleep and ends at the moment when he wakes up (which is really more like a semi-circle). But the merest dipping about in the book shows that it would decidedly not be equally proper to read it backwards. Nor is the Berg movement (III, *Allegro misterioso*) an exact mirror: its central trio, for instance, is preceded by 69 bars and followed by only 46.

Maybe Mr. Tippett was only trying to indicate at this point the likely reactions of a baffled listener. If so, this reinforces my feeling that the student of the later Schönberg and his school are less in need of large statements and sweeping analogies than of something corresponding to the Campbell-Robinson key to *Finnegans Wake*. On a scoreless, uninitiated but unprejudiced listener, the effect of hearing a new, long, instrumental work of Schönberg is indeed like the first impact of *Finnegans Wake*: he may feel beauty and ingenuity in the passing sounds and word-patterns, but the main thread will escape him.

The comments I have quoted occur in a broadcast called *Moving into Aquarius*. The astrological title is not seriously meant; it is a journalistic phrase to describe Mr. Tippett's belief that we are now in the midst of a crisis in human affairs comparable only to "the changes before and after the year one." (About the time of the birth of Christ, it seems, we came under the zodiacal sign of Pisces, and have been there ever since; soon, however, the sun will enter the house of Aquarius). I cannot see that this far-reaching belief of Mr. Tippett is much more than a "hunch." Schönberg's casting overboard of the traditional principles of Western tonality has made some stir, but it is hardly to be counted among millennial portents. Mr. Tippett is on surer ground when he insists that the heart of Schönberg's æsthetic was revolt against Victorianism; one might add that this is also his weakness. His powerful musical instinct and intelligence were set firm at an early age in a pattern of opposition. He followed the classic pattern of the rebel, proclaiming a new dogma and enrolling a closed circle of adherents. Whether in the process, complicated by exile, he stifled a potentially great composer is something we shall never know for certain.

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TELEVISION NOTES

In June the B.B.C.'s Charter must be renewed. People who ordinarily turn on radio and television like tap-water will, we hope, gather from the public discussion which precedes such periodic occasions as this that the nation has itself as great a responsibility to the B.B.C. as the B.B.C. has to the public. We are obviously a leading country in the field of broadcasting, but we are apt to entertain a smug feeling that our broadcasting system is of necessity the best in the world because it is non-commercial and because it is ours. Television is, however, spreading rapidly over the world; there are regular services of varying kinds in the Argentine, Brazil, Columbia, Cuba, France, Mexico and, of course, in the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. About ten other countries have experimental transmissions in progress, and a further ten are planning or in process of constructing a future service.

Last week the B.B.C. opened a medium-power transmitter for the Edinburgh-Glasgow area at Kirk o' Shotts, bringing the range of the population served by television in Britain up to well over thirty million. The Post Office has just announced that a hundred thousand licences were sold last January, bringing the total on February 1 up to nearly 1,300,000. Mr. Robert Silvey, Head of the B.B.C. Audience Research Department, estimates the nightly average audience to be two-and-a-quarter million viewers. As television spreads, the problem of meeting variations in the levels of audience taste within the bounds of a single programme becomes more acute, since pressure to keep close for most of the time to the lowest common factor of "what the public wants" increases with the weight of numbers.

Nevertheless I gather that the audience figures for some of the more demanding kind of programmes, the better plays and documentary productions, is still encouragingly high, but of course it is the harmless, necessary kind of programme like *What's my Line*, *Kaleidoscope* and the Saturday night Variety show which really tops the audience statistics. The fascinating problem of creating style and finesse in the lighter forms of entertainment still virtually eludes television, whereas with the years the B.B.C.'s writers and artists have created a number of very successful programme series which belong peculiarly to sound radio. Perhaps that is why television turns so frequently to puppets, who will soon be so numerous that Equity will have to establish a new grade of membership for them. *It's a Small World*, Ted Kavanagh's fortnightly show, seems to me to be developing very well indeed with its most attractive gallery of odd characters, to which I hope others equally successful will gradually be added. But I no more like the intrusion of the human actor in these programmes than I can tolerate the mixture of human characters and animated drawings in certain of Walt Disney's cartoons.

I am always glad when television is prepared to break into its schedule to introduce some personality whom we should otherwise never meet. Marcel Marceau, the great French mime, who, with his company, was appearing at the Arts Theatre, was very wisely asked to appear for television viewers. M. Marceau did me the kindness to show me some of his remarkable films, which revealed magnificently what he has to offer to television. The B.B.C. should invite him to make a major programme appearance when it is possible for him to visit this country again.

For a while I thought Bernard Shaw's *Village Wooing* was going to appear as outworn in entertainment value as Somerset Maugham's *Home and Beauty* proved to be, but its rather flat dialogue (for Bernard Shaw, that is) was soon warmed to life and wit by Ellen Pollock's and Michael Goulden's nicely calculated performances. Among other programmes of the month I would like to mention are Richard Dimbleby's new and neatly produced series *Round Britain*, George R. Foa's production of *Rigoletto*, which seemed to me good, except that at times the sets impeded the smoothness of the action, and *The Wild Duck*, produced by Ian Atkins and directed by Tatiana Lieven. Lastly, congratulations to Television Newsreel in achieving its five hundredth edition; it is one of the features that I most value as a regular viewer.

ROGER MANVELL

THE MOVIES

"Distant Drums," at Warners
"Where the River Bends," at the Gaumont
"Red Skies of Montana," at the London Pavilion
"Robin Hood," at the Leicester Square

With bloody adventure all about us, and all in Technicolor, it is difficult to know which way to turn. Redskins to the right and Redskins to the left, the Merrie Men behind, forest fires ahead. Which shall it be? With what hero shall we escape our pedestrian risks of flu and road crossing to scale unmitigated heights of terror? Would you watch and hear the fire come close, and then, in the pit in the clearing, pull a sack over you and let it roar and hope for the best? *Red Skies of Montana* is your film, Richard Widmark the guy. Or would you jolt again in covered wagons, sniped at by the Indian, slugged by the bad boy, drilled by the glance of the girl on the front seat, till in an O'Casey phrase you're no better than a colander? *Where the River Bends* guarantees all this, with James Stewart enjoying the country air after his recent lowering experience as a De Mille clown. Or perhaps your rage is all for the long bow and drawing it, for Disney tunes in the Sherwood glade, and Robin Hood, Maid Marion, Friar Tuck, Alan Adale, and all? Richard Todd capers with a smile. And lastly—my own choice—there is Captain Wyatt, "the Army's most feared and deadly swamp fighter," in *Distant Drums*. Nobody, I think, who aspires to swamp fighting can afford to disregard Capt. Wyatt.

The peculiarities of this type of warfare are that it is carried out in magnificent scenery—the Everglades of Florida—and that not only Indian drum but Mr. Max Steiner's symphonic brass lurks behind every tree. Sometimes it's Indians, sometimes Mr. Steiner, sometimes only a choir of monkeys, crocodiles, herons, terns, and the like: sometimes all give of their best at once. This will be the moment for moving forward. You wave your men on; a snapped twig or a muttered curse won't signify. Every step is chromatically stressed, every breeze sends the violins fluttering. Then, silence. The custom is not to recognise this for a second or two, though its effect is much as though the sun had been put out. You look about you alertly; you listen. You remark, "Something's wrong; they've all gone away; I don't like it." That at least is what Capt. Wyatt does, and can he be wrong? He also sets fire to the swamp grass, so as to confound his pursuers, by firing two pistol shots into it; and he and his men habitually show their recklessness of danger by leaning their elbows on their gun muzzles. It is a help, too, time to time to let out a noise like a noddy tern or a Creek Indian.

Indians, by the way, never come unannounced. Distant drums are followed by near drums, and bubbling yelps like those of young fox-hounds, and then may be passed round the stirring word, "Seminoles are coming." You just let 'em have it as they rush out in a pack into the open. The Indian dies most generously, most swiftly. That might suffice for you and me. Not for Capt. Wyatt. He gets tired of shooting: sticking seems much the better game. If you see a good back creeping round the hut, fling your knife: it should kill in one. After a couple of kills the knife should be wiped on a leaf; or it may not cut so well when you have (ladies' day coming) to shave yourself.

But the master play of brave-sticking is the dagger-to-dagger, under-water duel. As the Captain, Mr. Gary Cooper, atoning perhaps for some lackadaisicalness in the past, calls out the Indian chief to submarine combat, strikes home to the heart, saves the side from massacre, is congratulated by the general, retrieves a lost son, embraces a future wife, and all in rather less than five minutes. This will obviously require practice.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

James Ward, at Roland, Browse and Delbanco

In the excitement of disinterring a school of painting such as the English romantics, it is impossible at first accurately to assess the relative merits of its members. Subsequent exhibitions of their works often turn out disappointments when the initial thrill has died down. This was the case with the Etty show at York; it is to some extent true of the James Ward show in Cork Street, although one has to be on one's guard against a settled judgment, since only twenty-six of his works are on view, some of them trivial, and none comparing in importance (largely owing to limitations of space) with his vast cattle scenes in the Tate and elsewhere. The best picture here is a finished and heavily loaded sketch for the Tate, *Gordale Scar*, one of the earliest occasions (1813) in English painting on which nature scored an overwhelming victory over the living creatures that inhabit her: its parentage is Salvator Rosa and J. J. Rousseau, its offspring Martin and Danby. Here Ward has allowed his personal and inspired vision to take control. But the majority of his finished compositions ape the grand manner without implying knowledge of the underlying structure of objects or of their interrelations in space that lend the grand manner dignity. He never learnt, as the great romantic artists Wilkie and Constable learnt, to carry an idea to its logical conclusion; and one cannot help feeling, when one sees such charming sketches as Nos. 8, 20 and 21, that Ward would have been better off at a later age, as a contemporary of Boudin, when "finish" was no longer admirable.

B. N.

Photographs from Life Magazine, at the I.C.A.

The pictorial method of shock-journalism is a question of exploiting instead of developing the subject, of beating the reader into an instinctive reaction instead of persuading him to become involved in the subject as a rational human being. Certainly all those who saw the Cartier-Bressons, and all those concerned about the conditioning of public opinion towards an acceptance of violence, should visit this exhibition. It reveals vividly and grimly the difference between invaded privacy and intimacy, between presenting suffering as a tragedy and as something which just happens to so much meat, between natural humour and the grotesque joke which is the result of fear. From a more formal point of view, the use of claustrophobic perspective, odd angles and slick highlights, makes many of these pictures momentarily effective but never really satisfying. Some of the works of Eugene Smith, David Douglas Duncan and David Scherman are exceptions to this. I recommend the show, however, not because of the few good works but because of the very serious importance of the bad ones.

J. B.

Carel Weight, at the Leicester Galleries

It is difficult to define the precise quality of Carel Weight's paintings. Naturalistic pictures of very definite places and people, they are sometimes a little naive in drawing but at the same time are always extremely professional in their handling of paint and in their tonal-space relationships. What, I think, really distinguishes them is the unusual intensity of the painter's interest in each subject *as it really is*. There are never any obvious picture-making concessions. The green-ness of the grass, the redness of the telephone-box, the blackness of the black suits, are put straight down on to the canvas. The figures, cut off by the picture frames, don't look like compositional devices but accidents well used. The actual manner of painting is equally self-effacing. This direct approach means that when Carel Weight's paintings occasionally fail, they do so simply because all their distinct particulars don't coalesce into a firm enough system of considered, overall drawing—this is most obvious in the close-up portraits. But it also means that when they succeed, as, for example, in the suburban road (No. 16) or the tow-path (No. 5), they are extraordinarily vivid. One looks, as it were, right through the painting to the very scene it depicts: one looks, however, with a painter's distinctive vision—concerned here with nothing as remote as Nature, but with Mortlake and Battersea.

Correspondence

THE ARTS IN AMERICA

SIR,—I was both surprised and amused to find the *N. S. & N.* giving space to Geoffrey Grigson's solemn nonsense on the Arts in America. Although I am, to use Mr. Grigson's pitying phrase, an "interrupted human," this has not prevented my detecting occasional errors of fact in his articles. Nor has it debarred me from noticing that Mr. Grigson, despite his full and uninterrupted flow of humanity, seems consistently to have misrepresented both the concepts and the activities of a group of American artists and museum officials.

If you set out to find a wilderness brightened only by an occasional Grant Wood or a bad abstraction, you will, of course, very soon discover it. Having discovered it, you can deplore it on aesthetic grounds or explain it in sociological terms. When you have finished these exercises, however, the question of art will still need discussion; and for such discussion Mr. Grigson's insular observations simply will not serve. To begin with, he is so difficult to please. He scolds collectors like Frick for having insufficiently appreciated their treasures; depicts a Mid-West interested only in "prairie gothic"; and warns Bernard Berenson and Sir Kenneth Clarke that they may be tomahawked if they have any dealings with American Art professors.

But Mr. Grigson is equally indignant with the Museum of Modern Art. The museum, it seems, is far too sleek and stylish for its Philistine audience; its urbanity does violence to the farm land out of which it springs. Or perhaps I misunderstand, and the museum is being reproached for too ably representing its parvenu public. The charge against the museum that I find most difficult to understand, however, is that it shows too many paintings. It has always seemed to me that the primary function of a museum was to show paintings. Surely then, it is no cause for sorrow when a museum attempts to collect and display as many great paintings as its resources permit. On Mr. Grigson's curious principle, we should be limited in our viewing to those relatively few paintings which can be housed in any one building. This seems unnecessarily constricting. For while it may be true that each of us could be content to see a few great paintings over and over again, these few would be the winnowings of many other paintings. But again, Mr. Grigson may not be serious in this criticism, since he elsewhere reproaches American museum directors for being too little concerned with the showing of paintings.

Museum directors in general take a severe beating at Mr. Grigson's hands, and sometimes in the heat of the battle the wrong man is struck down. Victor D'Amico, for instance, is quite unjustly accused of being the Director of the Museum of Modern Art. He is not, though this will not save him from Mr. Grigson's wrath, since he is responsible for the very extensive educational programme of the museum; a programme which Mr. Grigson thinks may ultimately vulgarise all art.

Much of the heat Mr. Grigson manages to generate on the subject of American Art seems the result of a new provincialism: curious because it is so wilful, and amusing because it parodies what it expects to find. It seems a little late in the day for colonialism in intellectual matters and disputes about who is the actual heir of all the ages. If it pleases Mr. Grigson to think of himself as directly descended from the Quattrocento, I, for one, will not jostle with him for place. But in the matter of the Paleolithic caves, I think he ought not to grudge latecomers a share—surely here the question of precedence can be waived.

ROBERT IGLEHART,
Department of Art Education, *Chairman*
New York University.

THE ARTS COUNCIL

SIR,—Mr. Thomas Russell's article about the Arts Council, despite its brevity, is full of misrepresentations. He says our tours of "theatreless towns" have been abandoned. They have not, and despite their heavy cost, they remain in our programme. He says that theatre "experiments in other important areas" have been dropped. The only one we have dropped is Swansea, where no local support was forthcoming to match our subsidy of over £10,000 a year. He says that Music Clubs have ceased to develop. Wrong again. With strong Arts Council backing, the National Federation of Music Societies is enlarging its scope, and its constituents are providing more and better concerts than ever before in the small towns and rural areas of Great Britain. In the last five years the number of Music Clubs supported by us in this way has risen from 79 to 108.

In his determination to have it both ways Mr. Russell first chides us for spending too much on administration, and then rebukes us for cutting down our Regional Offices in England from nine to six. What he calls our "magnificent headquarters" is not, as he implies, a luscious dug-out for bureaucrats. It includes an art gallery which 27,000 people have visited in the last six weeks; and a suite of rooms which numerous art and music societies occupy, rent-free, for their meetings and recitals. Another segment of this palace of drones is occupied by the industrious men and women who assemble, frame, glaze, pack, catalogue and distribute the hundreds of picture-exhibitions we send round the country.

Mr. Russell has had long enough to study our last Annual Report, now several months old, and I have no doubt he is as adept an arithmetician as the next man. He knows perfectly well that over one-half of our Treasury grant goes to sustain the "national institutions" of the arts—Covent Garden, Sadler's Wells, the Old Vic, the Welsh National Opera Company, and the six permanent symphony orchestras. They are surely a first priority upon any body claiming, as we do, to be a trustee of the fine arts in this country. After this primary responsibility has been discharged, there remains in our budget this year £265,000 for spreading the arts throughout Great Britain. This modest total we are distributing to such claimants as Repertory theatres, Chamber Operas and Orchestras, Rural Music Schools, the National Federation of Music Societies, Arts Festivals, and 71 Arts Clubs; and we are spending about £30,000 in providing the numerous Exhibitions which bring painting and sculpture to the unprovided towns and villages of this country.

In our Annual Report we announced no change of policy. What we did was to pose the question (without answering it yet) whether it might not be better, in our straitened circumstances, to concentrate upon raising standards in a limited field rather than endeavour to enlarge that field. To Mr. Russell this question is "a false dilemma"; to my mind, it is simply good housekeeping. That is why, in our Annual Report, we warned Local Authorities that unless they took a larger share of the burden, we might be forced to withdraw some of the provision we now make. The storm cones we hoisted have not gone unobserved and, even in these hard times, several Local Authorities have decided, for the first time, to use their powers under the 1948 Act to raise a rate for the arts. Coventry, for example, has just taken that decision and will, in future, share with the Arts Council the responsibility for maintaining the excellent Midland Theatre Company. Mr. Russell has as good reason as anyone to appreciate what pressure the Arts Council is applying to Local Authorities in this matter. As Manager of the London Philharmonic Orchestra (a fact he might have disclosed), he knows how hard the Arts Council fought to persuade the London County Council to maintain its subsidy to the London Philharmonic

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Orchestra. He knows, too, that although the London County Council has withdrawn its grant from the London Philharmonic Orchestra, the Arts Council has not, and is maintaining its annual subsidy of £10,000. If Mr. Russell is looking for someone to beat up, why pick on the Arts Council when the L.C.C. is so vulnerable?

The final count in Mr. Russell's ill-considered catalogue of complaints against us appears to be that we have not asked the Chancellor for enough money to maintain the arts. He is wrong again. We know perfectly well what amount of State patronage is required to balance the budget of the arts in Great Britain, and we have named the figure with precision. The Chancellor, however, cannot improve on last year's grant of £575,000. We therefore address ourselves to making the most provident use of the grant the Chancellor can allot to the Arts Council—and if Mr. Russell wants to heave bricks through windows he must call at 11, Downing Street, and not at 4, St. James's Square.

W. E. WILLIAMS,
Secretary-General.

The Arts Council of Great Britain,
4 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1.

THE PRIMARY CHILD

SIR,—London Headmistress's letter seems a little naive.

There are roughly two types of private junior schools: those run for the profit of the owners and those which form part of some educational trust or old foundation; for example, the junior schools of the Girls' Public Day-School Trust.

Some private schools have better equipment than some primary schools and vice versa, but, generally speaking, the main difference between the two types is in the size of the classes and the better training of the teacher in the good private school.

My experience is that among progressive parents, those who can afford it send their children to the good private schools for the sake of the smaller classes and better-trained teacher and all that these involve: more individual attention; gentler manners from both child and teacher, because the teacher is not so overworked; greater co-operation between teacher and parent.

Good private schools already have far more applicants than places, so that whatever may be done about grants, the number of places in junior schools will not be significantly increased without new building.

My daughter had to undergo a form of entrance test at the age of four to be able to enter the junior school of the G.P.D.S.T. school she attends. This is obviously absurd, yet how are the children to be selected for these grant-aided private schools, suggested by London Headmistress, except by some form of entrance test at pre-school age?

Unless they are so selected, a grant to the private school will mean that parents who can afford to pay fees will have their children's already superior education subsidised simply because they can afford to pay for it. This was, and still is, the case in the direct-grant Grammar schools, where even fee-paying parents do not pay the full cost of their child's education, but because they can afford to pay, their children receive a Grammar-school education whether they are capable of benefiting or not. This enables the children of the well-to-do to skip the qualifying examination for education up to 17 or 18.

If the financial position of the independent schools mentioned by London Headmistress could rapidly change from being difficult to being impossible, thereby forcing the middle classes to send their children to the State primary schools, the outcry from these more influential parents at the conditions described by Mr. Davidson would force any government radically to reform them.

It seems unlikely that such an essential reform would result from extending grants to privileged education.

JEAN WYNNE

52 London Lane, Bromley, Kent.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—Would Miss Lloyd or some other informed person tell me more about these schools that have abolished corporal punishment? How, for example, do they deal with the following cases?

1. Persistent truanting.
2. Persistent and needless latecoming.
3. Petty thieving.
4. Bullying.
5. Quietly insolent indifference as to whether or not homework is done.
6. Inattention which the teacher, while he may privately sympathise with it on certain occasions, cannot publicly condone.
7. Deliberate misuse or maltreatment of books and equipment.
8. Open insolence for the sake of personal prestige.

I have listened to many advocates of the abolition of corporal punishment, but I have not yet heard satisfactory answers to these questions. By satisfactory answers I mean answers which set forth in some detail a deterrent superior in effect to the one which it is proposed to remove. Nothing exasperates the average teacher more than constant assurances that his strap or cane is unnecessary, accompanied by a constant failure to suggest any alternative. When the assurance comes from those who never felt a wound, exasperation exceeds bounds.

One last point; will abolitionists please stop implying that strappers and caners are sexual perverts? A sadist is, I believe, one who derives sexual satisfaction from the infliction of pain.

ALASTAIR R. THOMPSON

6 Ingleby Drive, Glasgow, E.

I.C.F.T.U.

SIR,—Mr. G. D. H. Cole's plea for a change in T.U.C. policy is primarily one of domestic concern to the British Labour Movement. Since, however, he has chosen to make the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions the principal villain of the piece I think we are entitled to make our position clear.

In the first place it is not true that the British "trade union leaders, through the non-Communist Trade Union International are even more deeply committed than the Labour Party to the Americans as leaders of a world-wide crusade against Communist influence." The policy of affiliated organisations of the I.C.F.T.U. is decided by those organisations themselves, and their autonomy is specifically guaranteed in the I.C.F.T.U. Constitution. In the framing of I.C.F.T.U. policy, which is done by the World Congress, and in its execution by the Executive Board, the American trade unions certainly play a part, as is only to be expected from a movement of such strength and influence. So does the T.U.C. In the matter of voting strength in the Executive Board the A.F.L. and C.I.O. have together the same number of votes as the T.U.C.—two. (In passing it may be noticed that this represents a deliberate weighting of the balance in favour of the smaller movements; Britain and the U.S.A. together provide about two-fifths of the membership of the I.C.F.T.U., yet out of 18 seats on the Executive Board they hold only four.)

The attitude of any affiliated organisation towards the question of rearmament is therefore one for it to decide itself by normal democratic procedures. If the I.C.F.T.U. has endorsed the decision of the democratic nations to defend themselves against actual or potential Communist aggression, it is only because the overwhelming majority of free trade unions have already undertaken to do the same.

Mr. Cole also overlooks the fact that the American trade unions do not necessarily speak with one voice. On the question of the admittance of the Italian Socialist trade union federation, for instance, A.F.L. and C.I.O. representatives took directly conflicting lines. In the matter of assistance to the trade union movements of the under-developed countries there is an equal lack of uniformity. Up to date the C.I.O. has contributed $100,000 to the I.C.F.T.U. Regional Fund, the T.U.C. £35,000 and the A.F.L. nothing. Incidentally, many of the smaller European trade union movements such as the Austrian, Swiss and Scandinavian are contributing out of all proportion to their numerical strength. This hardly fits in with Mr. Cole's assumption that the American trade unions are dominating the I.C.F.T.U. through their superior financial resources. It also knocks the bottom out of his contention that "the main body of British labour supporters takes hardly the mildest interest in . . . the I.C.F.T.U.," for this policy of solid material support for, and active participation in, the world-wide activities of the Confederation was endorsed by an overwhelming majority at last year's Trade Union Congress.

Finally, may I express my surprise that a man of Mr. Cole's erudition and knowledge of the international Labour Movement should have meekly accepted the Communist complaint that the I.C.F.T.U. is committed to "a world-wide anti-Communist crusade"? The only international crusade in which the Confederation is engaged is one against poverty, hunger and disease, and in defence of trade union freedom wherever it is threatened. This policy obviously brings us into conflict with the Communist dictatorships, as it does with those of Franco and Peron, but for that we see no reason to apologise.

J. A. RIDDELL,
I.C.F.T.U., Brussels. *Press Officer.*

PEACOCK AND SCOTLAND

SIR,—V. S. Pritchett startles us with his statement that "Peacock also was a Scot." It is as if one read that "Shelley (Shakespeare, Bevan, Attlee, Pritchett) also was a Scot." Peacock was not a Scot by blood, breeding, sentiment, or ambition. Throughout his writings he was as consistently anti-Scottish as he was pro-Welsh. Scotland has produced quite a few literary peacocks, Norman Douglas among them, but not the admirable Thomas Love Peacock.

Makarsfield, Taypont, Fife. DOUGLAS YOUNG

JOHN EVELYN AND MRS. GODOLPHIN

SIR,—Your reviewer of my book "John Evelyn and Mrs. Godolphin," stated in error that 1,500 folio pages of Evelyn's letters were examined by me; in fact, of Evelyn's letters to Mrs. Godolphin only copies of four survive. Apparently your reviewer had in mind—or nearly so—my statement that I examined more than 1,400 octavo pages of devotional matter written by Evelyn for Mrs. Godolphin.

W. G. HISCOCK

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Books in General

THE prose works of the German writer, Wolfgang Borchert, are contained in one volume* of two hundred and sixty pages. There is a searing play called *The Man Outside*; there are a number of stories, sketches and prose poems and there are a couple of manifestos. The whole has been admirably translated by David Porter. Borchert (Mr. Stephen Spender tells us in his introduction to this volume), was a native of Hamburg, born in 1921. He died in 1947. When his schooldays were over he became a bookseller; then an actor. At twenty he was a private in the German army in the invasion of Russia, where he was wounded; the following year he was home and imprisoned in solitary confinement under sentence of death for "plain speaking in private letters." The sentence was commuted. He was sent again to Russia and once more he was imprisoned. After the war he had small jobs in theatres and cabarets, but his health had been wrecked. In two years he was dead.

As Mr. Spender says, Borchert is the perfect articulate specimen of a life caught in the rat-trap of total war; after twenty he had no other life, his writings have no other subject—the apocalypse of the Forties. He is a writer who breaks one with his emotional and poetic power; he fills the eyes of the reader with grief, tenderness and horror; he crystallises the formless desire that lies in human agony and loneliness; one is wrought up to a hectic pitch by him, and this makes him hard to judge when one has just put the book down, as I have done. He has the power of tearing one's heart out. I am quite certain that no other book about the war in English makes an impression comparable to his, and this is because, like Goya's *Disasters of the War*, his is not naturalistic. And he has also caught the dumb-struck incomprehension of human beings in their ruin. A collection of laconic, terrible titles such as Goya put to his drawings, is suggested by his pages. He *is* a fevered writer. There is a solvent, theatrical, frenzied and (one might even say) hysterical quality in the German imagination; it readily transposes experience into symbols and myth, as we saw before the war in earlier writers like Toller, who freeze the blood or spin the brain by incantation. Sentimentality and self-pity are the vices of this kind of mind. I think Borchert evades them or, at any rate, has been stunned into transposing them into a clearer key. Borchert's picture is of the fear, guilt, terror and loneliness of total war which destroys everything, not only in the frozen lines of Voronezh or Stalingrad, and in the miles of rubble to which Hamburg was flattened in two nights, but everything in the soul. He became a nihilist. He says in his manifesto:

> For we are no-men. But we do not say No in despair. Our No is a protest. And there is no peace for us in kisses, for us Nihilists. For into the nothingness we must build a Yes. Houses we must build in the free air of our No, over the abysses, the craters and the slit trenches and over the open mouths of the dead. . . .

This manner is frightening to the English reader; what is it going to turn into? Borchert was a man of his terrible, brief time. As Mr. Spender says, he saw only the war, only his Russian war, not what went before it nor what followed. The guilt he expresses, the loneliness, the pain and the grief are exact, profound and yet stunted. They are, in the German sense, soldierly. The sense of responsibility is a soldier's, too. The corporal in *The Man Outside* seeks to hand his horrifying personal responsibility for the loss of 11 men on patrol to the old, tough Colonel who, after all, has sent thousands to their death; the Colonel, no doubt, would turn to those who command him, and those who command to the poor, powerless old man called God who wanders piteously about unable to do anything and who cannot answer. In Whitmen-like passages Borchert does seem to show the will to escape from the peculiar German wish for the disaster, the doom, the suicide which reached its height in his short time.

But Borchert was young and had been shattered. His tendency to this or that opinion is unimportant compared with his imaginative talent. It is excellent in images and invention, passionate, tender, brutal, pitying and macabre. A great number of the sketches and the plays are evocations of Hamburg, the city of mists and canals and ships and ruins, seen mainly in the fever heat and the fever-cold of starving, solitary nights:

> Elbe. They say it softly and sadly and sensually, as one says the name of a girl. Like this: Elbe.
>
> There used to be gigantic ships. Steamers, boxes, palaces risking an exuberant, tearless farewell. Which lay in the river at evening like vast blocks of flats, like boldly constructed, narrow-cut, inspired, gigantic apartment houses, and pressed sluggishly, world-weary, sea-sated against the nightly excitement of the quays.

But now, "in the grey days and the empty hollow where above blinks the Great Bear and before us blubbers the river," where the suicides, drunk to death with the waters of the Elbe, bump against the swaying pontoons—

> We say Elbe! And we mean: Life! We mean: You and I. We say roar, sigh; Elbe—and mean: World. Elbe, we say, we, the hoping hungry ones. We hear the chugging metallic hearts of the gallant abandoned poor faithful little cutters—but in secret we hear again the trombones of the mammoth boats, of the mighty, magnificent monsters. We see the shivering little cutters with one red and green eye in the river at evening—but in secret we see again, we living, hoping, hungry ones, the port-holed, light-squandering, brass-banded colossi, the giants, the palaces.

In those passages the sentiment is yearning, youthful and rhetorical, the loneliness is bearable. Borchert appears to be escaping from the rat-trap. There are two key stories in this collection: the prison story called *The Dandelion* and the story of the Canadian airman, *Billbrook*, where the macabre and warm are strangely mixed with tragic irony. *The Dandelion* is remarkable because it displays the dramatic originality of Borchert's mind, its power of seeing simultaneously reality and the subconscious fantasy that dogs it. His prisoners are Gothic grotesques but they are also souls. We see the exercise yard, the circling prisoners, the bawling guards as in any vivid piece of naturalism; then, up goes the temperature, and we are swept by the simple obsessions of the prisoners about the man in front of them and the man behind. Characteristically and mysteriously, these symbols become projections of each prisoner as he drags his way round. But Borchert does not stop his tale at this freakish metaphysical point. There is the dandelion on the grass patch which the prisoner has passionately determined and planned to possess; there is the profound human emotion and agony of his effort and triumph. The sadism, which so often underlies German fantasy and introspection, is missing in Borchert; or it is transposed. There is unspeakable pain, but there is solace and purgation.

Billbrook is an even better example of the freakish that is softened and enlarged so that it contains a deeply humane spirit. In the trap of war our humanity is driven into a lonely underworld of dreams. That is why nearly all Borchert's scenes are night scenes. A simple Canadian airman has his head turned by discovering that his name, Bill Brook, is the same as the name of the suburb of Hamburg. He is naively delighted, goes to see the place—finds it doesn't exist. It has been wiped out.

> A whole city! In two nights. Squashed, flat, dead.
>
> The Canadian could not stop laughing. He laughed and laughed. But it was not for joy he laughed, nor for pleasure. He laughed. Laughed in disbelief, in surprise, in amazement, in doubt. He laughed because he could not conceive it. He laughed because it seemed to him impossible. Laughed, because it was monstrous. Laughed, because it froze him, because he was numbed by it, because it horrified him. It horrified him and he laughed. The Canadian stood in his clean blue uniform in an immeasurable, unforgettable wasteland of stones and death and laughed. Stood with his clean smooth face in the evening by the canal beside two fishermen, and they had dusty, wrinkled faces and only had three legs. Then the one-legged man let one word fall from his motionless mouth on to the green-black mud. And the mud cracked like a smack in the face. And as he said it he looked at the laughing soldier, so that the laughter stuck in his throat like a scream for help.

Away, Borchert said (albeit politely and sadly) with Goethe and Rilke, the psychological novel. In his sketches and in his blasting play, which goes through one like the east wind, in his night wanderings about the city, or at his post in the snow in Russia, he sought the anonymous, dazed, rudimentary human figure who is torn between necessity and the good things that are memories; or between the good things and the bad memories. The girl would save the suicide, dry him, dress him in her husband's clothes, but the husband—a dead soldier—comes on crutches into the room. The returned soldier buys a woman with a loaf but can only sleep in her arms and waking, hate her—yet without reproach—for her maternal pity. The wife wakes in the night to see her husband stealing some of their bread and gives him her share in the morning. These people explain nothing to each other; they simply look, forgive and turn their backs "without waving." As Mr. Spender says, Borchert does not appear to think of what it was like elsewhere, on other fronts, in other countries; the assumption is that it must have

* *The Man Outside*. By WOLFGANG BORCHERT. *Hutchinson*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

been the same and must have felt the same; but I do not think we must put this down to the devastating, innocent egotism of the Germans. Borchert's views about war are simple. They amount to the pacifist view that all we have to do is to say, No; but he has not said No to the experience he went through; it possesses him like an illness that has become a way of life, and he clearly aims at something which might be called building up human beings, and, perhaps eventually humanism, out of the ruins.

The play, *The Man Outside*, is masterly. It is unique in conception; all doors are shut on the returned, defeated soldier who goes round with his burden of dead, seeking to have the burden taken from him, and who is faced by himself—the Other. This Double is sometimes his life-wish, sometimes a suicidal conscience. When he cries out for "an answer" there is simply the echo of his own voice. The central scene where Beckman, the soldier, tells his dream to the old Colonel, is tremendous. It is marred, no doubt, to our taste by the xylophone player who plays on the bones of the dead—that seems an old Expressionist trick, and to add something to the German cult of the charnel-house—but when the dead rise up and roar in rising chorus at the dreamer—

> Beckman, they roar. Corporal Beckman

and

> Corporal Beckman, where is my father, Corporal Beckman. Corporal Beckman, what have you done with my husband

—the emotion, the irony, the horrifying insinuation, the despair, freeze the blood. We have so many writers who are masters of their means, who are never hysterical and who never lose their heads; and we have had a book like *La Peste* of Camus, in which the fusion of means and idea did, indeed, make a profound and controlled book. But in Borchert, one meets an uncontrolled writer who can convey not only the idea of pain but the feeling of it directly, and who is also a complete and original master in displaying it. We can think of faults, can suspect, here and there, the tone, we can smell the theatre at times, but we have been made to feel by a poet who never loses his quickness, never fumbles an image, never sags in power, never loses precision.

V. S. PRITCHETT

TWO POEMS

THE AVENUE

Who has not seen their lover
Walking, at ease,
Like any other,
A pavement under trees;
Not singularly made,
But footed, dressed,
In the same dapple caught
As all the rest.
Who has not suddenly thought,
By truth surprised,
There walks, through light and shade,
My heart, disguised.

TWO YEARS OLD

A child that prospers, carries everywhere
A little dome of pleasant secret air.
We, who receive his unconcerned embrace,
Perceive it, sacred, round the soft-nosed face.

FRANCES CORNFORD

REVOLUTION IN PRACTICE

The Bolshevik Revolution, 1917-1923. Volume II. By E. H. CARR. *Macmillan*. 30*s*.

Mr. Carr's history of the Bolshevik revolution is to be in three volumes. The first, published last year, dealt with the political and constitutional revolution; the third, still to come, will treat of the revolution in foreign affairs; the present volume is devoted to the revolution in economic life. There was something "un-Marxist," as Mr. Carr himself admits, in describing the political "superstructure" before discussing the economic conditions which in large part dictated it. This flaw now disappears, though there is still a lack of synthesis between the two sides. Mr. Carr tends always to treat ideas as a process in men's minds, not much affected by the outer world; and he still does not make it clear that the political dictatorship was largely imposed on the Bolsheviks by the failure of their economic Utopianism. But regarded in detachment, as a study of the development in Bolshevik economic policy, this is a work of the highest excellence. Max Beloff, according to the blurb, wrote of the first volume: "This is far and away the most important book on a Soviet theme that has yet appeared in the English language." The verdict, though disputable for the first volume, is undoubtedly true of the second. Every historian, every economist, every Bolshevik even, owes Mr. Carr a debt of gratitude too deep to be formulated. No one else could have written a book so profound or so illuminating.

Given Mr. Carr's learning and his great gifts of exposition, the merit of the book springs from the nature of the subject. The Bolsheviks had a political theory—the doctrine of working-class power. This theory did not fit the facts; and therefore the facts had to be increasingly distorted. By 1923 what claimed to be the most advanced form of democracy had become a harsh dictatorship, based on terror; and all the fine phrases were so much window-dressing, without interest or meaning. It was the fault of the first volume to discuss the pretence more than the reality. But in economics it was the other way round. The Bolsheviks started without any economic theory, except the assumption that Socialism would follow their seizure of power more or less automatically. They discovered economic realities as they went along; and, instead of making the facts fit the theory, they had to evolve if not a theory at any rate a system which would fit the facts. It is important to be clear what Mr. Carr has set out to do. He is writing a history of "the economic order," not an economic history of Russia. There are few "facts" in his book, and these few are relegated to footnotes. His book tells how the Bolsheviks reacted to these facts; and most of it is devoted to their discussions of economic policy.

When the Bolsheviks seized power, they had no economic policy. They assumed that Socialism had grown up inside capitalism, as capitalism was supposed by Marxist doctrine to have grown up inside feudalism. Indeed, Lenin said in 1917 that the revolution had taken place economically in Germany and politically in Russia; it was only necessary to "marry" the two. In other words, the businessmen and technicians were to run Russian industry for the Bolsheviks as they were running German industry for the general staff. To the astonishment of the Bolsheviks, the capitalists refused to play. It is one thing to operate "Socialism" in order to win a war, quite another to run it in order to carry through a social revolution. The Bolsheviks found that they had to run economic life themselves; and their only solution was to put Utopia into practice at once. Later on they were to excuse Utopia as merely "war-communism"; and so in a sense it was. In wartime the needs of the state override all economic rules; but the Bolsheviks would not have disregarded these rules so completely if they had not also had an ideal system in mind and regarded these rules as in themselves wicked or antiquated. But the rules reasserted themselves. The Bolsheviks had to restore capitalism over large sectors of the economy, if they were to keep political power or even to keep Russia running at all. This was the New Economic Policy. By 1923 they were beginning to learn their lesson. Socialism would not come imperceptibly, by the working of natural forces; it had to be planned. Lenin thought he had found a short-cut: "Communism is Soviet power plus electrification." It would be truer to say: "Communism is Soviet power plus statistics."

This book does more than illuminate the development of Soviet Russia. It is vital reading for anyone who is concerned with the advance to Socialism in any country. Though the Bolsheviks held dictatorial power and played a game of make-belief in political matters, they discussed their economic problems openly and with complete frankness. The result was the greatest debate ever held on the fundamental problems of Socialist economics. We are so anxious nowadays to repudiate the secret police and the concentration camps that we close our eyes to the Bolshevik achievement in economics. American capitalists and their dependants elsewhere may deny that there is anything good in Soviet Russia; Socialists cannot do so. For, detestable as is their political tyranny, the Bolsheviks found out how to make Socialism work. Instead of shaking their heads over our problems and declaring them insoluble, Socialists ought to be saying that there is an answer and that the answer was discovered by the Bolsheviks on the hard road of trial and error. If democratic Socialists do not like this conclusion, there are two points of consolation. The Bolsheviks found the solution for an industrial society. They did not find by 1923 the solution for agriculture and perhaps have not found it yet. And the two men who found the solution were Lenin and Trotsky—Lenin more important at the beginning, Trotsky the more creative by 1923. Stalin was nowhere. Whatever skill he showed later as a political tyrant, he counted for nothing in the days when the Bolsheviks were hammering out their mastery over economic development.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

A REVIVED AUGUSTAN

The Complete Works of William Diaper. Edited by DOROTHY BROUGHTON. *Routledge*. 15*s*.

For the young Tory poet, William Diaper, the death of Queen Anne was a personal misfortune. Swift, who had promised to get him a country parsonage, could now do no more for him, and his earliest patron, the Tory magnate, Wyndham, was soon in prison as a suspected Jacobite conspirator. Even if Diaper had wanted to turn his coat, the early Hanoverian regime had little feeling, and perhaps no use, for literary distinction. Johnson later was to put the case bitterly:

> Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
> And Spenser's song prolongs Eliza's reign;
> Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing,
> For Nature formed the poet for the king.

Thus, when Diaper died in 1717, at the age of thirty-two, he had already outlived his little day. And even in that day, he must have found Swift's patronage galling. The "poor little short wretch" as Swift described him, was obviously not the stuff that brilliant diners-out are made of and was to be packed off to the country as soon as possible. In a poem rather in Swift's own manner, we find Diaper trying to make the best of this:

> . . . . This House and Glebe my wishes crown,
> And what I have I call my own;
> I would depend on no man's gift
> Nor do I envy Doctor Swift.
> But then how nat'ral to reply,
> "You hate the Court, good reason why,
> Love Poverty and Rural Ease,
> Because you want the Art to please . . ."

The most personal of Diaper's poems, this, as

JOHN MASEFIELD

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His "thrilling novel", writes John Betjeman (*Daily Telegraph*) "is something to read and enjoy should have pride of place." [12/6]

THE TROUBLE AT NUMBER SEVEN

★ BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMEND ★

MICHAEL JOSEPH

Mrs. Broughton notes in her excellent introduction, is also the least successful. The quips about Swift's success and arrogance aim at, but on the whole strikingly fail to achieve, a tone of good-humoured badinage between equals. It was probably easier to accept patronage where there could be no question of equality:

> Peace guides her steps, as *St. John* leads the way,
> And all her little .oves around him play . . .

And poor Diaper, in the end, did not even get his house and glebe. He may have degenerated into something like a bookseller's hack.

It is a sad little story, but one, I think, that we could find repeated with variations throughout literary history: that of the young poet who gets taken up by an established group just at the moment when the group, and the forces that hold it together, are about to break up. He then finds himself without a setting or a purpose. But, apart from this personal tragedy, just how good a poet was Diaper? I would say that he could write extremely well in the common Augustan mode but that he lacked almost wholly the Augustan interest in human nature. There is a coldness in his temperament that comes out in the preoccupation, which gives him his odd, unique niche in literary history, with the behaviour of fish. His best original poems are his sea eclogues; his best translation is of Oppian on the natural history of fishes; and the coldness comes out again when, in a translation of a rather dull didactic poem on education, he bids farewell to the subject of sex:

> Fond Joys may please a while, but end in Shame:
> A smoaky Stench surrounds the guilty Flame:
> The noisom Fires, at best, obscurely burn,
> And the gross Fuel will to Ashes turn.

The tone of these lines is, for Diaper's period, in a sense old-fashioned; they remind us not of Pope but of what Mr. Iain Fletcher has called the "sullen sensuality" of Dryden. "Smoaky," "noisom," and "gross" give us, as Dryden often does, a harsh and earthy sense of physical reality. That couplet which Mr. Grigson has picked out for special praise:

> Nature bears all one Face, looks coldly bright,
> And mourns her lost Variety in White—

bears on the other hand only a specious resemblance to Dryden's

> In liquid burnings, or on dry to dwell,
> Is all the sad variety of Hell.

The difference of theme there does suggest a loss of scope and depth in English poetry after the Revolution settlement; the greater vividness, if less ultimately important meaning, of Diaper's couplet, a gain in delicacy and detail. He does make us see:

> *Nape* began: A Nymph with care'ess Mien,
> Clad like Autumnal Leaves in yellowish Green.
> Her round plump Cheeks a deeper Purple dy'd,
> Such as ripe Fruits boast on their Sunny Side.

And the vividness is sometimes caught in a single line:

> Her rising Breasts are white as polished shel's. . .

But there is not only a lack of objective interest in human nature: the vivid details never, it seems to me, project or embody any very interesting subjective mood. There is nothing, for instance, like the two lines which have given Langhorne, a later eighteenth-century poet, his fragmentary immortality:

> Where longs to fall that rifted spire,
> *As weary of th' insulting air* . . .

Mrs. Broughton has done an extremely good job of editing, the notes on fishes are fascinating, and one sees why Mr. Grigson, with his passion for natural history and his chariness about what he calls the "moral" interest in poetry, should be enthusiastic. But all really great poetry has that "moral" or simply human interest; and I think Mr. Grigson overstates his case.

G. S. FRASER

DISCUSSING CHEKHOV

Chekhov the Dramatist. By DAVID MAGARSHACK. *Lehmann.* 21*s.*

The Seagull Produced by Stanislavsky. Introduction by S. D. BALUKHATY: translated by DAVID MAGARSHACK. *Dobson.* 25*s.*

It's not so much that Chekhov is hard to understand, as that he can be understood in so many ways. We can take him lightly or tensely, casually, mistily, uproariously. For some—for most, perhaps—he is the great tragi-comedian who at each moment unexpectedly feeds our sympathies; others, with more detachment, see him as a master of impressionism, to be compared with Debussy and Monet; others again pick out a poetry of regrets, a preoccupation with decay; his sense of futility has been praised, and he himself has been found futile. These points of view are not (with the exception of the last) contradictory. They exemplify Chekhov; for his art simulates life in this also, that, like the street accident, it varies in the beholder's eye. One performance of *The Cherry Orchard*—and I am speaking primarily of Chekhov as a dramatist—may be as different from another as beer from butter. In the last twenty-five years English appreciation has undergone a remarkable change: we began, shall I say, with Chekhov by moonlight, and now it is sunny noon; out of the extreme of Russness has emerged an English essence. Of course, it is assumed all round that our "understanding" must have taken strides forward, as no doubt it has. But quite apart from knowing Chekhov more intimately, isn't it possible that enjoyment of a writer so many-hued may have a definite cycle? After another decade, who knows, the taste may be once more all for the greys and browns, the melancholy, the life that consists in knowing that it wastes life. But in the meantime it is high noon, and Mr. Magarshack would arrest for us a Chekhov with strong beliefs and a firm purpose.

I don't know that he altogether succeeds, though the climate may be right for him. He starts off, very resolutely, to oppose the critics who would describe Chekhov as impressionist. "Absence of a well-defined aim", "general ineffectualness of the characters", "the play without plot and theatrical effects": these are the judgments that Mr. Magarshack would knock down. Two of them, it seems to me, are in the end left standing; the third (play without plot) is brilliantly and unsparingly demolished. No one, after reading this book, will be able to pretend that Chekhov gets his effects merely by well-timed contrasts in an atmosphere of drift.

The four great plays—*The Seagull*, *Uncle Vanya*, *The Three Sisters*, and *The Cherry Orchard*—which occupied Chekhov during the last ten years of his life, are defined as "plays of indirect action." Their qualities are an elaborate plot, action off-stage, invisible characters, evocative or poetic dialogue, the "messenger" element of Greek tragedy, subtly interspersed, and the *peripeteia* or reversal of situation. In structure the most classical of the plays is *The Three Sisters*, in Act I of which will be found, disguised under incidentals, the chorus of strophe and antistrophe, and for which Chekhov had designed a stage in two parts, following the Greek. The chief problem of the indirect-action play is to surcharge the naturalness of off-moments with drama. Chekhov's dialogue aims at not only evoking a mood but rousing suspense. Of the tension, sustained by many devices, for which these plays are remarkable, Mr. Magarshack writes:

> In a Greek play it arose out of the spectator's knowledge of the main dramatic events of the story. The play was in the main a mere dramatisation of a well-known legend, and the spectator's interest was aroused even before the appearance of the actors on the stage: he was all agog to see how the playwright and the actors would interpret the characters of a story that was rich in dramatic events which he knew and in which he even believed. Chekhov had to invent another method to convey this tension to his audience at the very beginning of the play. He did it by showing one of his main characters in a state of high nervous tension, like, for instance, Konstantin in the opening scenes of *The Seagull* or Voynitsky in the opening scenes of *Uncle Vanya*. Failure on the part of the actor to convey this highly overwrought state will destroy this feeling of tension with the result that the play as a whole will become dull and flat, and this fact alone is indeed responsible for the impression that Chekhov's plays are devoid of action and movement, both of which, as noted earlier, Chekhov esteemed above everything in a dramatic work.

This beautifully upsets the usual view. Or rather, it penetrates where earlier critics have been content to skim the surface of "splintered" drama. Chekhov's employment of this method, and the long series of steps by which he attained to it, are explored at length by Mr. Magarshack in fascinating detail. Before we are even halfway through this argument of 300 pages, we shall have forgotten that he undertook also to produce the moral purpose, beliefs, and well-defined themes for which others have looked in vain. If he hasn't done so, the value of what he has done remains. This is, taken as a whole, the most searching criticism of Chekhov's plays I have read.

It is instructive to turn from the thirty-page analysis of *The Seagull* given here to a book centred less on the play than on Stanislavsky's first production of it in 1898. A long and pedestrian introduction relates the early history of the play, and this is followed by the complete text and Stanislavsky's production "score" on opposite pages. That many of his interpretations were misinterpretations and that Chekhov was horrified by the manner in which some of the parts were played does not lessen its value. Stanislavsky's notes make a very good guide to Stanislavsky. My own interest was directed more to the play's text, provided by Mr. Magarshack, who indeed translated the whole book. This is a careful improvement, both (I gather) in accuracy and ease, on the versions we know. Mrs. Garnett coloured her own translation even more than we may have supposed. In *The Seagull*, full, as we know, of references to *Hamlet*, Mrs. Garnett found some of the quotations too strong for her taste. For

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Konstantin's capping of his mother's lines from *Hamlet* with

> Nay, but to live
> In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
> Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
> Over the nasty sty—

Mrs. Garnett considerately slipped in other lines quite inoffensive, without so much as a footnote. No wonder a certain estrangement marks the average English production of *The Seagull*! Poor Chekhov: his finest shades were always at the mercy of the most blundering "improvements." And if more than once he nearly gave up writing plays out of a disgust with producers and actors, what would he have said to a translator scarcely more perceptive or scrupulous than they? It is up to some publisher to get Mr. Magarshack to translate at least the four chief plays. Our gratitude to him would then be complete.

G. W. STONIER

ART, TRUTH AND BEAUTY

Art and Everyman, Vol. 1. By MARGARET H. BULLEY. *Batsford.* 45s.

There will be two volumes of this work which Miss Bulley calls "a basis for appreciation," but one is enough undoubtedly to decide the value of both. When we see a book addressed to everyman, who is the "average man," the pseudo-democratic fiction, abstraction or ghost-figure of Wilfred Pickles, Fleet Street and the advertising agent, we know that we must expect good intentions unencumbered as a rule by a great deal of good sense. Miss Bulley hopes to "free the power of clear and original discernment, truly natural to everyman." Painting, sculpture, architecture, furniture—why should "clear and original discernment" in these things be more natural to everybody than aptitudes for music, philosophy, higher (or lower) mathematics, or carpentry? Why should Miss Bulley's John and Mary of the middle class have innate preferences—provided Miss Bulley can cleanse their sight—for good pictures and well designed objects in the new home they are going to furnish? There never was a clean-eyed golden age of universal good taste, except in the belief of those fanciful idealists who like universals and will not listen if anthropology tells them that the attitude to art of savage societies is much like our own—some individuals do, and some do not appreciate it, some need art and some don't.

If you have absorbed your Eric Gill, this fallacy of art for everybody is more easily accepted if you can prop it with a second fallacy—that in art there are absolute standards. Miss Bulley believes that such standards persist in validity *per saecula saeculorum*. I think there is a case—Mr. Auden has put it forward, for one—for acting, though we cannot discern them or define them, as if there were these standards; but the *as-if* has to remain. Not for Miss Bulley. She is a thorough objectivist. She deals in a mumbo-jumbo of indefinite Crocean concepts. Beauty is one and is a universal, it is "timeless beauty," "ideal beauty." Her writing-around-art is speckled with "universal validity," "the work whose true value remains unchanged," "the true and original standard of value," "the true nature of art," "the true science of art," "the true idea of art itself"; and in her first eight pages she uses "true" or "truth," with all the correct Keatsian vagueness and emotivity, no fewer than a hundred times.

I daresay there is no great harm (and no great use) in Miss Bulley's definition of the "true artist or designer" as "the man who has an idea of a particular kind, namely the idea of a harmonious whole, seen as a mental image or mind-picture," which "takes shape in terms of material and craft." It is only a statement of *art = art*; and when you examine this first volume with its innumerable and wearisome repetitions, you find how this statement is used simply to distinguish *art* from the crudest *not art*. I have my doubts whether it was worth expending so much labour, so many pages, so huge a number of blocks, to enable Everyman to distinguish Botticelli's *Primavera* from a postcard of fat behinds, on sale at Blackpool; though I have to remember the sub-title of "a basis for appreciation," which is modest enough. Yet sufficient basis in this way would have been one landscape by Corot or Renoir reproduced with a photograph of the scene and accompanied with a single page of explanation. The comments on plate after plate are not enhancing or illuminating; and Miss Bulley finishes with the report of an "æsthetic experiment" which I find worthless altogether. Objects of art and not art were shown *in pairs* to selected groups, and each individual was then asked which work reflected the idea of a harmonious whole, excellent in itself, and why, or which was the good work and why. Do you think that the answers (which favoured the good) could properly be used, in an experiment designed in this manner, to indicate "a power of clear and original discernment" in Everyman? If you do, you should refresh yourself with the celebrated but less jejune literary tests once carried out by I. A. Richards.

A pity that in the bulk of art criticism (but not only art criticism) we should have to choose either the mumbo-jumbo of dogmatic and immutable standards or else the mumbo-jumbo of æsthetic thrills. A pity that so large and so uncommonly inexpensive a work does not promise to be more than a platitude expanded.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

NEW NOVELS

I Thought of Daisy. By EDMUND WILSON. *W. H. Allen.* 10s. 6d.

The Drinker. By HANS FALLADA. *Putnam.* 12s. 6d.

The Moon and the Bonfire. By CESARE PAVESE. *Lehmann.* 10s. 6d.

The Escape. By MARK ALDANOV. *Cape.* 15s.

By all means let us too do our best to think of Daisy. In so far as she exists at all, she is a blonde girl, "frank, vulgar, humorous, human," playing musical beds with the drunks and failures of Greenwich Village in the 1920s. The narrator meets her at a party, where she is the hostess and is wrongly supposed to be married to the host; but he falls in love, instead, with a fellow-guest, Rita, an improbable yet insufferable poetess, who seeks from her multiplicity of lovers not happiness, but isolation. On the ruins of this passion he meets Daisy again, and again later, and later again; till at last they make "hot, moist, mucilaginous and melting" love, and he realises, as she gets ready to go, that our friends and enemies and mistresses are not monsters, but people like ourselves, immersed in the human condition—"what is strange to us is strange to them, what hurts them hurts us."

Stringing together for this first time ever the scattered pearls of that plot, one realises that a good novel might have been written to it. But no! It's as if Mr. Wilson had noticed that Balzac describes rooms, and Sterne digresses, and Proust likes long sentences full of discordant trios of epithets, and that American thinkers of the Twenties agree that American thought of the Twenties is significant; and cried: "Here is my subject, and there are my means." Whereas, no subject is of the least importance in itself, and a great writer's mannerisms are entirely dependent for their efficacy on his central unity and power, on the circulation of his ichor from heart to extremities. Theme and method are only dud cheques unless backed by the writer's personal credit balance. Others of the novel's peculiarities have no such noble pedigree. Mr. Wilson tells us the effect a character's conversation is about to produce upon us, and is then unable to make it produce, in fact, any effect whatsoever. He introduces at great length two characters, a radical socialist and a humanist professor, who have no connection with the story, but represent ideas he didn't want to leave out. The radical socialist is so clearly the brilliantly, fascinatingly described real-life subject of the last essay in *Classics and Commercials*, that a similar borrowing might explain the blood-

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less unreality of this and all the other characters. Perhaps, like the ghosts in the *Odyssey* and the degraded waxworks in *Point Counterpoint*, they were once real people. One may admit, indeed I devoutly believe, that no good novelist ever invented his personages; but the secret is, to transform them. Mr. Wilson also commits b*d gr*mm*r—if you don't believe this, look at the hamstrung anacolouthon on page 35; and then, to be fair, admire the extreme beauty of the disject halves of the same sentence. *I Thought of Daisy* has quantitatively more ideas, images and "phrases" than the rest of this week's novels put together and cubed; alas, it has nothing else.

When I had finished trying to think of Daisy, I thought of Mr. Wilson. Why, when he is one of the half-dozen good critics writing to-day, can he only write these intelligent, agreeable, bad novels? Of course, the "why" is a "because." And then I wondered why the publishers refrain from revealing that *I Thought of Daisy* was first published in America in 1929; and, that being so, why the wrapper says "Once again, as in *Hecate County*, Wilson displays"; and what Mr. Wilson's feelings will be when he becomes aware, as he now surely is not, of this merry misapprehension.

"I have always been a sensitive man," explains the title-hero of *The Drinker*; "Formerly I was repelled by alcohol, and the smell of schnapps made me ill." And it becomes clear that he is not destroyed because he drinks, but drinks because he wishes to be destroyed. Erwin Sommer is a wholesale greengrocer in a German provincial town, who swills because he is going bankrupt, in order to achieve bankruptcy, to preserve his self-respect, to lose it, to spite his wife, to win her pity, to become free, to enslave himself. He goes to prison, then to an asylum: he does all he can to get away, but always contrives to commit just in time the one error that will keep him in. Then he takes his last drink but one, from the sputum-bottles of insane consumptives, and imagines, dying, when the disease has taken hold, his last drink of all, his youth returning, and with it the ever-young goddess of booze.

I may be taken in, for Hans Fallada was only a minor novelist; yet this posthumous novel seems to me genuinely tragic and beautiful, and of a scope which includes, ramifying from the story, its writer and our world. In 1944, a year after his books had been declared undesirable by the Nazi Party, with all which that implied, Hans Fallada was gaoled on a charge of attempted murder. He wrote *The Drinker* in prison, and died two years after his acquittal and release. His perfectly horrifying, horrifyingly perfect novel is the story of himself rejected by society and returning the insult, of the artist destroyed from within, of the *Liebested* as ideal and doom of the German nation and of other nations, too. It is a prophecy of Hitler burning with Eva Braun, of the first A-bomb and the last H-bomb; Fallada's confession, penance, wish-fulfilment, accusation and warning, addressed to ourselves, the "hypocritical reader, his double, his brother."

The moon's deceptive light changes distances, shapes and colours—is that bush an old man? Are his leaves steel-grey?—and a bonfire's flames set the shadows of immobile things hopping and sidling; and some such are the lights the dead and talented Signor Pavese provided for viewing *The Moon and the Bonfire*, his last novel. In boyhood the peasant who meditates the story worked as a day-labourer on an estate in Piedmont. He was a bastard and had no home; he emigrated to America and found that there "they're all bastards," and consequently there was no home for anyone; he returned to his forsaken village and found his friends dispersed, dead, ex-partisans or simply unchanged. The three times in which the tale moves are not fitted into a problem in construction, but mixed into poetry. Here is a book without an apparent focus, whose lines would nevertheless, if prolonged to infinity, meet in the invisible artist, a writer who, here at least, justifiably preferred emblems and enigmas to realities and answers.

The Escape begins with an extremely exciting account of a murder investigation in St. Petersburg just before a revolution, and broadens out, as intimately as if that catastrophe had been invented by Mr. Aldanov, into the Revolution itself, seen, without politics, entirely as a function of intelligent and natural characters, their convincing and absorbing story.

Mr. Aldanov is, as only a White Russian could be, the last inheritor of the nineteenth-century Russian novelists—he has the celebrated Russian soul. The greatness and the power are gone, the wind has died down to a draught, but the air is the same, and intoxicatingly respirable. Mark Aldanov is to Dostoievsky approximately as Bunin was to Chekhov: *The Escape* is a miniature *The Possessed*, by a writer afflicted with *petit bien* instead of *grand mal*.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

WRENAISSANCE

The Age of Wren. By RALPH DUTTON. *Batsford.* 42s.

As Sir Christopher Wren lived into his ninety-first year, "the age of Wren" means, at the very least, all the years from the Restoration till the accession of George I—rather more than half a century. It is a most complex period in English architecture, involving influences as different as Inigo Jones's Palladianism, the weaker Palladianism of Holland, the over-ripe Mannerism of Flanders, the new classicism of Mansart and Levau, the newer classicism of Perrault, and distant Baroque echoes from the Rome of Bernini and Borromini. To plot all this tangle of influences while maintaining the single figure of Wren in a dominant position is to risk a serious distortion of historical perspective. Mr. Dutton has taken the risk and has not survived it. Much of his book is a sensible, well-written summary of the architectural affairs of the period but its general lay-out is defective: he has adopted a plan, as it were, which simply does not fit the site.

The whole trouble is epitomised in one sentence of Mr. Dutton's: "May, Hooke, Jarman, James all came in contact with Wren and in some measure his genius must have influenced their work." Why "must have"? The fact is that in two cases it did not. May's most significant work, as Mr. Dutton himself very well shows, was wholly independent of Wren; and Jarman represents the London school of masons and carpenters who had been developing an Anglo-Netherlandish classicism for thirty years before Wren came on the scene. Hooke, Wren's colleague and constant companion (he was also probably a remote relation) is a special case, while James's works belong to that "school of Wren" which only makes its appearance in the early years of the eighteenth century. To lump these four names together and—worse—to range them with such wholly diverse characters as Winstanley, Talman, Aldrich and the Bastards of Blandford is to slur over the ascertainable contours of the period in a way which one cannot accept. As for Wren, he was an eclectic designer with a highly original mind and not, like Robert Adam, a century later, a facile infectious genius instantaneously affecting the taste of his time. In fact, the "age of Wren" was not dominated by Wren until he himself was past his sixtieth year, and even then his dominion was exercised very largely through others and in a mood very different from his own.

Against these objections to Mr. Dutton's book there are real merits to be set. It is very well illustrated—with judgment as well as generosity; it is readable and the appreciations of individual buildings and architects are often perceptive and well expressed. As history it cannot be commended, but as an exhibition of the products of a glorious period in our architecture it may give much pleasure and instruction.

JOHN SUMMERSON

SHORTER REVIEWS

So Long to Learn. By JOHN MASEFIELD. *Heinemann.* 18s.

"The lyfe so short, the craft so long to learn." The words are Chaucer's, the craft in this case story-telling. Mr. Masefield is a craftsman in the fine sense, for whom tradition, inspiration and pride of material have fashioned a life's work; and these "Chapters of an Autobiography" discover his sources. As a child of five, looking over a clump of honeysuckle, he discovered the gift of imagination, "a brightness not of this world," which after a while left him, not to return until years later. In the meantime he had explored the countryside and lore of Herefordshire; a stone's throw, literally, separated him from the roof of a fine old Gothic church; a real mouse, one day, superseded the sugar one; bells and battles thronged round; he read ballads, and watched the barge chimneys slide by over the grasses; he went to sea, read the *Morte d'Arthur* in New York, discovered a passion for the work of D. G. Rossetti, set to work himself, laboriously, on stories mainly of action and the sea.

In London a demonstration of verse-speaking by W. B. Yeats gave him the entry to a new world. The narrative breaks off at this point to supply, at a friend's request, his memories of Yeats, then thirty-five. The furnishing of the rooms in Woburn Place come fresh; Yeats himself, lank-haired, stooping, and with an air of revolution, is there, but his talk, alas, has vanished away. Mr. Masefield felt at the time that to make notes of those Monday evenings would have been a profanation; and perhaps, with the occasion gone, the illumination would be absent, too. After Yeats there are glimpses of Hudson and Hardy: the latter at a theatre, "like the portrait of a Chinese sage, most wise, most frail, most spiritual." Mr. Masefield avoids giving us his own self-portrait. His craft, rather than himself, engages him.

The Youthful Queen Victoria. By DORMER CRESTON. *Macmillan.* 30s.

"A discursive narrative" the authoress entitles her lively and picturesque version of the first twenty years of Queen Victoria's life; and the title is amply justified by the freedom with which she roams over her subject, and by her readiness to pursue any subsidiary personages and topics of interest that cross her path. The Queen's early life is extremely well documented, and Miss Creston has little to add from unpublished sources; but she embroiders history with a critical commentary in a partisan spirit. George IV is an "old libertine"; William IV "odd, bluff, lovable." In Victoria herself, intellectual and artistic abilities are discerned, hitherto unrecognised by posterity: moreover, she is credited with a strange resemblance in character to Catherine the Great.

Occasionally Miss Creston's vivid imagination and loyalty to the throne mislead her. After Victoria came of age, the Duchess of Kent and Conroy certainly schemed for a regency and informed the Prime Minister that it was at Victoria's own desire. But it is rather absurd to suppose that the proposal was made without Victoria's cognisance; the obvious explanation being that she had been bullied into agreement and retracted later on Stockmar's advice. Again, the Queen's share in the Flora Hastings affair is glossed over, and Miss Creston asserts "one cannot feel that any serious blame should be attached to her"; when all the evidence goes to show that she was the moving spirit in the scandal-mongering—by a process of elimination: all the subordinates are exonerated, one by one, until only the Queen is left.

Golden Ages of the Great Cities. *Thames & Hudson.* 28s.

The ripest plums of European history have here been deftly picked and served by a distinguished team. It is a sweet, lazy, stimulating feast. Sir Ernest Barker introduces the theme—"man's city-dwelling habits" when they seem to be approaching some aspect of the ideal; in a word, civilisation. Then Sir Maurice Bowra opens with, of course, Athens. In the intellectual task, which is before each essayist, of having to control an unruly abundance of material, he sets a high level of expertness; in the artistic one of conveying the "feel" of the place, the concreteness of his picture is surpassed only by Mr. Steven Runciman's of Byzantine Constantinople.

For significant comparison with ourselves, Athens is too original, Constantinople too remote, but with the remaining periods the sad pleasure of the book begins—the assessment of one's own civilised lot. Would one have been better off, for instance, in imperial Rome with every afternoon free? Or discussing abstruse theology in medieval Paris? Or watching yet another new Lope de Vega play in Madrid? Or doing whatever it was Mr. Pryce-Jones tried to explain they did in Metternich's Vienna? Cleverly not pressing their product too much they are persuasive salesmen, except, ironically enough, the gentleman with New York on his hands—an oddly green fruit to have included in the dish.

Hafiz of Shiraz. Thirty poems. Trans. PETER AVERY and JOHN HEATH-STUBBS. *Murray.* 4s. 6d.

For every English reader who has heard of Hafiz there must be hundreds who remember first reading Fitzgerald's Omar in their youth. And yet, Hafiz, living well over two centuries after Omar, at the time of Chaucer, was the greater poet. This latest rendering of Hafiz will not put right the discrepancy. The work of a student of Persian and a poet, it is a connoisseur's translation which boldly attempts to catch the colloquial tone of the original as well as reproducing the bright, traditional symbols and patterns to be found reiterated there. Its success may be gauged by saying that though one never feels what a Hafiz poem was like, one can sometimes guess.

The guessing is helped by an introduction which contains excursions into the politics and theology of the period, comparisons with Chinese poetry, European medieval lyrics, Shakespeare, etc., and an analysis of one of the poems in the manner of the skeleton key to *Finnegans Wake*. A word or two on Hafiz's specific place within the long tradition of Persian poetry would also have been appropriate.

Devonshire Studies. By W. G. HOSKINS and H. P. R. FINBERG. *Cape.* 36s.

Anyone can be sure of enjoying this fat volume if he has a feeling, not so much for Devonshire by itself, as for continuities and the smaller details which combine into the history of Great Britain. In date the studies go from the seventh and eighth centuries to the early nineteenth century, in subject from the history of the ancient boundary between Devon and Cornwall to the appalling conditions of the farm labourer in the eighteen-forties. Several essays are of particular importance; Mr. Finberg's accounts of the foundation of Tavistock as an English town and borough, and of the open field in Devon (which means the revision of many dogmatic statements made elsewhere); Dr. Hoskins's investigations of the early medieval intakes or of the wealth of medieval Devon and its outcome in the building of churches.

Most enjoyable, too, are the papers on family history—the contrast, for example, of the Cholwichs whose rise was stimulated by the harder conditions of a moorland farm, and the oddly named Suckbitchs who lived in relaxed and unambitious comfort on rich land alongside the railway and the Exe estuary from about 1180 to 1803. A third of these family papers gives the remote and later background of John Galsworthy. His family held Galsworthy farm in Buckland Brewer from the thirteenth century, and scattered in the sixteenth century, one branch farming in South Devon until a John Galsworthy left the farm for the boom town of Plymouth to make his fortune as merchant and ship-owner. He moved to London and died there in 1855 as the "man of property." His son was a London solicitor and company director, his grandson was the novelist. Much of English history is implicit in such annals.

Poetry, 1945-1950. By ALAN ROSS. *Longmans, for British Council.* 2s. 6d.

There is an odd note at the beginning of this volume saying that Mr. Ross's opinions are not necessarily those of the British Council. This, when one party is a real and the other a fictitious person, surely hardly needed saying, and in any case Mr. Ross's booklet, like the others in its series, is less concerned with expressing a personal view than with conveying information. Mr. Ross is dealing with a period in

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which, as he notes with accurate gloom, "impulses have tended to dry up and movements to come to a natural end." Older poets have been marking time, younger poets losing their way, and in the drab uncase of the post-war years no new figure has emerged with the energy of Auden or the authority of Eliot. But it is Mr. Ross's particular gift to be responsive to the authentic minor talent, and his sensitively chosen quotations show that these years were a time of real, if not of noisy or major, poetic achievement. His book can be warmly recommended to those who want to keep up with contemporary poetry but who in recent years, among the multitude of small, shy voices, have, perhaps like contemporary poetry itself, a little lost their bearings. It is concise, pleasantly written, and strenuously fair.

Inflation. By PAUL EINZIG. *Chatto & Windus.* 12s. 6d.

This is a subject in which the partisan views and coarse thinking of politicians have reduced the common man at present to a state of some bewilderment. He is painfully aware of the increase of prices, and he is told that this is due to "too much money chasing too few goods"—a condition of affairs for which dearer interest rates, credit restriction and higher taxation are variously prescribed as remedies. But the common man is equally alive to the fact that his own purchasing power is apt to be not excessive but sadly deficient, and that considerable patches of unemployment are coinciding with what should, on the basis of monetary theory, be a boom. It is in a commendable effort to clarify this confusion of thought that Dr. Einzig rightly emphasises in his book the need to recognise that inflation and deflation are not static conditions, but dynamic processes in which causes and effects are linked but may have different priorities in time. The definition at which he arrives is that inflation is "a state of disequilibrium in which an expansion of purchasing power tends to cause, or is the effect of, an increase of the price level." In the light of this definition it becomes readily comprehensible why deficiency of purchasing power can occur in general conditions which are rightly termed "inflationary," and it is equally easy to see that an increase in taxes can have a deflationary effect when the general trend is downwards, but an inflationary effect if the economic climate is such that higher prices can readily be passed on to the consumer and higher wages be secured by the workers.

Dr. Einzig's conclusions are more open to criticism than his analysis. Observing, truly enough, that a controlled rise in the price level facilitated Britain's 1945-50 recovery and smoothed the path of the Labour Government, he is inclined to condemn democratic Socialism out of hand because it is "inherently inflationary." This judgment begs too many questions; and, in dealing with the post-Korea inflation of the price level, he gives too little weight to the consideration that Britain's economy was *distorted* by Western rearmament rather than *inflated*. This book will provide useful ammunition for Tory advocates of "disinflation by cuts"; but Dr. Einzig's implication that, but for Mr. Dalton's policy, we could have avoided the present balance of payments difficulties is unconvincing.

Last week Franco's firing squads executed five leading members of the anarchist Trade Unions. Spain's prisons are filled with men and women, tried and untried, at one under sentence of death who have spent months in the condemned cells, whose crime is that they oppose Franco's regime and demand the elementary Freedoms of assembly, of the Press and of speech.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,152

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a 150-word extract from the Devil's Autobiography. Entries by April 1.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,149

Set by Aylmer Vallance

The usual prizes are offered for headlines appropriate for the columns of *The Times*, *Express*, *Mirror* and *Worker* on one of the following news items: A tidal wave (without casualties) in Loch Ness; the assassination of the Editor of the *N.S. & N.*; victory for the Soviet Union in the Women's Singles at Wimbledon; the announcement, after a dramatic scene in the Commons, that a Cabinet Minister had been certified as a lunatic.

Report by Aylmer Vallance

In a huge volume of entries (even Canberra proved to be within the time-limit's postal range) brilliance was patchy. Competitors would hit off admirably the *gravitas* of *The Times* or the *Mirror*'s "cheesecake," but usually not both. Among efforts at poetry, I liked RED WOMAN WINS IN WHITE (F.T.), and REDS MARTYR FABIAN FIGHTER (Eric Swainson); but it was the comic, rather than the lyric Muse which inspired most entries. In the Loch Ness incident there seemed to be a general feeling that Left-wing suspicions of atom-tests would be aroused. S. B. T. made a nice point with discrepant reports of the tidal wave's height; J. G. Armstrong had a neat "third deck" for the *Mirror*—"*We praved*": *towel-wrapped London girls*; and *Express Reporter caught up in wave* (F. E. M. B.) had point and subtlety. J. R. Till's *Mirror* contribution—FEARED WAVE MIGHT BE PERMANENT, *Honeymoon Blonde's Hair-raising Story*—should earn him a desk in Fetter Lane!

On Wimbledon, *The Times*—*Mrs. Digby-Smith Unsuccessful* (Frank Dunnill) was seen as dignified, if evasive. Good lines were WIMBLEDON SEES RED—*Mirror* (J. Brown), SOVIET SERVICE SCOOPS SINGLES—*Express* (Guy Innes), and as a *Worker* "third deck": *Coventry Gas Workers' Tribute* (R. L. McQueen). I liked too, Cedric Flower's RED PLAYER'S DESPERATE WIN; "Victory — Or Else"—*Stalin?* EMBASSY OFFICIALS WATCH (*Mirror*.)

The affair of the Cabinet Minister was treated with gusto. *Bevanite Baiting Snapped Last Link of Sanity* (*Express*) J. D. Hargreaves; *Follows Footsteps of Forrestal* (*Worker*) Pat Bullen; DROVE BOSS TO ASYLUM: "*Heart-rent, says chic chauffeur* (*Mirror*) L. E. M. Taylor, and "*Don't Let Him In*"—*Plea by Frenzied Whip* (*Express*) from Joan Vaughan indicate the pattern. The peak of perverse ingenuity, however, was reached in the ascription of responsibility and motives for the murder of Kingsley Martin. The majority detected an agent of American Imperialism or Chinese Nationalism; but Guy Daniel (*The Great Turnstile Clichés for Kingsley*) had the photograph of a Mystery Beauty beside the silk-pyjamaed editor's bed; Stanley Sharpless (*Red Editor Will Blue Pencil No More*) hinted—in the *Worker*—at suicide in remorse for anti-Leninism; O'Reilly ("*Martin Mystery 'Mararyk' Murder*"—M.P.) went still better in the smear game; and finally, L. E. J., with EDITOR SHOT, SAY TORIES, *But No Confirmation from Victim* (*Worker*) proved how Marxism can make sceptics of us all.

In winnowing, I had to apply the rule that headlines must pass the test of "Who, Where, When, How" to some extent, and that entries must have *some* plausibility, as well as humour. With considerable doubt in my capacity to do justice to so many unread Miltons who write so well in capitals, I award prizes of one guinea each to the entries printed below, and prizes of half a guinea each to Stanley J. Sharpless, Joan Vaughan, Guy Daniel and Cedric Flower.

Times: MINISTER GRANTED CERTIFICATE.
Claybury's most distinguished visitor.
ROYAL MESSAGE OF SYMPATHY.
Express: "OVERWORK AND DEVOTION TO DUTY"—SAYS P.M.
No Cabinet reshuffle expected.
RADIO DOCTOR STEPS INTO BREECH.
Mirror: "GIVE ME MY KNITTING"—AILING MINISTER.
Present for grandson: Pink pixie-hat.
Worker: "GIVE THE YANKS A KICK IN THE PANTS"
Only Sane Minister Certified.

Leon Zylberstein

Times: NEW STATESMAN & NATION: CHANGE OF POLICY EXPECTED
Mr. Kingsley Martin Assassinated.
Express: LEFT-WING EDITOR SHOT DEAD
Bevan Hurries to the OTHER No. 10.
SOCIALIST PURGE CLAIMS FIRST VICTIM.

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Mirror : BLONDE TYPIST SEES EDITOR SLAIN
A Shot, Then—" They Got Me, Bubbles."
Worker : CAPITALISTS STAGE NEW "REICHSTAG FIRE"
Police Round-Up Workers as Editor Dies.
Derek Barnard

Times : WIMBLEDON TITLE FOR RUSSIAN WOMAN
Prince Charles Watches Favourite Beaten.
Express : SOVIET STAR WINS SINGLES
U.S. Opponent May Challenge Decision
LINESMAN : I HAVE NEVER BEEN A COMMUNIST.
Mirror : HAS FIVE SETS OF TWINS : WINS SINGLES
Russian always kept to doubles before
EXCLUSIVE DETAILS
Worker : SOVIET MOTHER OF TEN HAMMERS WEST
Leninist Tactics at Tennis
CROWD'S TRIBUTE CUT SHORT BY POLICE CHARGE.
F. E. M. B.

Times : MINISTER'S COLLAPSE INTERRUPTS BRILLIANT CAREER
Condition Not Hopeless as in Castlereagh Case.
ANNOUNCEMENT FOLLOWS INCIDENT IN COMMONS.
Express : OPPOSITION NAGGERS SPLIT MINISTER'S MIND
Division-bound Socialists Panic.
M.P. MUFFS MACE-SWISH K.O.'S COLLEAGUE REPORT.
Mirror : CABINET MINISTER BLOWS WIG.
Nude-amok Wins Chiltern Hundreds—says P.M.
Worker : ONLY ONE MEMBER OF CABINET A CERTIFIED LUNATIC—*Official.*
C. M. Grosett

CHESS : Over the Top

No. 129

Some of us chess players may not look exactly like military types, and whatever soldierly quality we possess is seldom revealed by our outward appearance. It has even been suggested (by Alistair Cooke) that we walk around with a slouch. However that may be, when it comes to military jargon we are not to be denied by anybody. While relentlessly pursuing our strategic objective we will be constantly on the look-out for a tactical surprise ; yet, unless safely entrenched in the centre and reasonably secured against an enemy break-through, we would hardly venture on a flank attack to undermine an enemy strong-point. We have our heavy guns and our cavalry, provided by the rooks and knights, and we never tire to compare our pawns with the good old infantry which ultimately decides every battle. I do not know (and I hope I never shall) whether this still applies to modern warfare, but it certainly does to Chess ; it applies to the endgame, and sometimes to the middle-game too, on one of those exhilarating occasions when the pawns go over the top, as it were, storming the enemy stronghold. Here, in a game won last year by K. Gilg, is a case in point.

(24	P-K5	Kt-Kt5
(25)	P-KR3	Kt-R3
(26)	P-Kt4	K-R1
(27)	P-Kt5	Kt-Kt1
(28)	P-K6	Q-Kt4
(29)	Q-B2	PxP
(30)	PxP	QR-Q1
(31)	P-B5	P-Q4
(32)	Q-KR2	P-B5
(33)	Kt-Kt6 ch	PxKt
(34)	Q-R4 ch	Kt-R3
(35)	PxKt	PxBP
(36)	PxP ch	KxP

(37)	B-R6 ch	K-Kt1
(38)	Q-Kt5 ch	K-R2
(39)	BxB	resigns

Here—in a game won by Kranki in 1941—we can see the valiant pawns in the last stage of their dashing attack. This is what happened.

(1)		P-Kt6
(2)	B-B3	P-R6
(3)	Q-K3	PxKtP
(4)	BxKKtP	Kt-B5 !
(5)	RPxP	RxP !
(6)	KR-K1	RxB ch, etc.

In this week's competition **A**—White to win—is a classic, easy enough to be rather overrated with 5 points. Beginners should bear in mind that it isn't always the more obvious move that leads to success. **B**—White to win—is a most instructive study, though our cracks may well find it overrated with 6 points. But they should hardly find it quite so easy to garner their 7 points for **C**—White to draw—a study rather more subtle than may appear at first sight. Incidentally, both **B** and **C** come from that excellent book *Im Banne des Schachproblems* (de Gruyter, 1951) in which both its distinguished authors have collected some of their own masterpieces.

A : Troitzky

B : A. Kraemer 1925

C : E. Zepler 1939

Usual prizes. Entries by March 31.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set March 1

A : (1) R x R, S x R, (2) K-Kt2, P-R4, (3) K-B3, K-Kt4, (4) K-Q3 and catches the P.

If (3) . . . P-B5, (4) K-Kt4, P-R6, (5) K-Kt4, P-R7, (6) P-Kt4, P queens, (7) P-Kt5 mate.

B : (1) R-K4, B-Q4, (2) R-K5, B-Kt6, (3) R-KR5, B x Kt, (4) R-R1, K-Kt3, (5) R x B, B-B5 ch, (6) K-K3, K x B, (7) R-KR1, K-Kt4, (8) K-B3, etc.

C : (1) Kt-Kt6, Q-Q4 ch, (2) K-R1, P-K4, (3) Kt-K7, Q-K5, (4) K-Kt1, P-K3, (5) K-R1, P-K4, (6) K-Kt2, P-K5, (7) K-B3, etc.

If (4) . . . P-Kt4, (5) K-Kt2, etc.

The only flawless solutions came from J. B. Cock, D. E. Cohen, L. G. Kennion, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider who share the prizes. Many other competitors dropped merely a point or two by failing to see one or another subtlety in **B** or **C**. ASSIAC

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CROFT House Hotel, Burgot-on-Thames, Abingdon. This beautiful Country House Hotel is ideal for Convalescence, Honeymoon, Easter & Spring holidays. Brochure: Proprietors, Tel.: Clifton Hampden 37.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5-5½gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

SENIOR Scientific Officers, Scientific Officers, Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. Interviews will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a University degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1952 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31; for Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, at least 21 and under 28 during 1952 (or under 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers (men) £812 10s.-£1,022 10s.; (women) £681 5s.-£917 10s.; Scientific Officers (men) £440-£707 10s.; (women) £440-£576 5s.; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men) £440-£655. (Rates for women under review.) Somewhat lower rates in the Provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.51/52 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/52, S.128/52 for the other posts.

WAR Office and Air Ministry: Lands Officers.—The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men only for permanent and temporary appointments as Lands Officers. Most of the vacancies under the War Office are overseas. Candidates must be at least 30 years of age on January 1, 1952, and must either be Corporate Members of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors or the Chartered Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute or the Land Agents' Society, or graduates of a University with a degree in Estate Management (B.A. Cambridge or B.Sc. London). In addition, candidates should possess wide professional experience in private practice or in the service of a Local Authority or Government Department and must have experience of Land Agency or Agriculture Valuation. Inclusive London salary scales: £970—£1,280. Provincial rates slightly lower. Applications will be accepted at any time up to June 30, 1952, and selected candidates will be interviewed as soon as possible after the receipt of their application forms. Candidates are advised to apply as early as possible as an earlier closing date may eventually be fixed. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S.4119/52.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant (male) for Norwegian Section. Requirements include thorough knowledge of Norwegian (as mother tongue) and of English, ability to translate perfectly from English into Norwegian and to read faultlessly in Norwegian at microphone, experience in radio, teaching or journalism, and interest in British way of life. Candidates, who must be able to type, should state in which of the following their special interests lie: politics, economics, industry and commerce, literature, radio and stage. Salary: Appointments not normally for more than three years; salary £710 with prospects of promotion. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Norwegian P.A. N.Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

UNIVERSITY College of Leicester. Applications are invited for two Assistant Lectureships in Economic History. Salary scale £400-£450-£500 a year, with membership of F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances Scheme; initial salary dependent on qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by April 5.

CIVIL Service Commission. Special Departmental Classes (i.e., H.M. Inspectors of Taxes; Cadet Grade, Ministry of Labour and National Service; Probationary Assistant Postal Controllers; Grade III Officers, Ministry of Defence). The closing date for the receipt of completed application forms from candidates under Method I who are otherwise eligible has been extended to May 31, 1952. For particulars and applic. forms write (postcard) to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 17-20/52.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Administrative Assistant, for School Broadcasting Council for Wales, Cardiff. Duties will include Committee work, control of expenditure and work connected with preparation of publications. Requirements include some knowledge of Welsh, administrative experience, preferably in some branch of education, and familiarity with the educational system. Salary £415 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), with 5 annual increments to maximum £575. Apply on prescribed form, which can be obtained from Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope and mark correspondence "Education, Cardiff, N. Stm." Closing date for receipt of completed application forms is 14 days from date of this insertion.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council.—Children's Department.—Applications are invited from women possessing the Certificate in Child Care or Social Science qualification and with at least two years' comprehensive experience of the field work of a Children's Department for the position of Senior Children's Visiting Officer at an Area Office. Salary within Scale £500×£15 per annum to £545. The duties will include boarding-out, after care, court, adoption and family investigation work, and co-ordination of work in the district concerning neglected children. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, to whom completed applications should be returned by April 5, 1952. Canvassing will disqualify. K. Tweedale Meaby, Clerk of the County Council.

COUNTY of Cornwall. Appointment of Assistant County Youth Organiser. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant County Youth Organiser in Cornwall. The salary will be on a scale of £500×£15 to £545. The appointment is pensionable. Further particulars will be forwarded upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope by the Secretary for Education, County Hall, Truro, by whom completed applications should be received not later than 28 March, 1952. E. T. Verger, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Truro.

TOURS Organiser for N.U.S. Travel Department with experience of independent inclusive tours for individuals and parties. Salary £400-£550, according experience. Apply the General Manager, N.U.S. Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

EDUCATION Officer required by Pontypool Educational Settlement. Salary £450 p.a. (possibility of revision). Experience of Adult Education essential. Further particulars and application form from Warden, Pontypool Educational Settlement, Blackwell Rd., Pontypool, Mon. Closing date April 7.

APPEALS Organiser (either sex) required for Voluntary Organisation, accustomed to running Flag Days and other fund-raising activities. Salary £500 per annum or according to experience. Write, stating age, exp. and qualifications, to The General Secretary, I.S.T.D., 8 Bourdon St., Davies St., W.1.

PRESS Agency requires able translator into French for Daily News Service. Permanency. Apply, stating age, education and experience, to Box 9707.

RESPONSIBLE Temporary Clerk for approximately six months for allocating numbers to Farm Camps. Age range—20 to 30 years; salary approx. £5 a week. Apply in writing to Vacation Work Organiser, National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

EYE C.I.P. Applications are invited for the post of full-time Secretary/Agent. Salary and conditions in accordance with National Agreement. Application Forms from Mr. H. N. Horne, High St., Hadleigh, Suffolk, to be returned by April 12, 1952.

INSTRUCTOR in English (full-time or part-time) required by Correspondence School. Journalistic experience is recommendation but not essential. Please write fully (in confidence), giving details of age, experience and qualifications, to Box 9748.

WELFARE Department of the Electrical Industries Benevolent Association requires a competent and responsible Office Assistant. Experience of Case Work an advantage and Shorthand Typing essential. Write giving full details and salary ideas to Welfare Officer, 32 Old Burlington St., W.1.

WARDEN required to take charge of Approved Probation Hostel, 15 girls aged 15-18 years. Post vacant May 15. Salary as Home Office scale. Apply Hon. Secretary, Nottingham Committee for Moral Welfare, 1 Newcastle Terrace, Derby Rd., Nottingham.

MARRIED couple, aged 25 to 40, required take charge of Hostel at Cambridge for 24 boys aged 15-18 years, run by voluntary Society with 14 other hostels. Previous exp. welfare work necessary. Joint salary £364 to £468 p.a., all found. Write: The S.O.S. Society, 24 Ashburn Place, London, S.W.7.

COMMUNITY school (28 children) requires Male staff member—woodwork, carving, pottery or metalbeating and other crafts. P.T. games, general supervision—who combines leadership with knowledge of individual child's needs. Westhope Manor School, Craven Arms, Salop.

£4 week. Cook housekeeper. Centrally-heated house. Daily help for housework. EAL. 8575 after 5 p.m.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

REQUIRED, a Manager to develop new Book Department and Shop. Salary £450×£25=£600. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Wide knowledge book trade essential. Apply for application forms, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, to General Secretary, National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. Applications close 14 days from this publication date.

MATRON required for infants' home (5-7) of Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Maximum roll 47. Experience in child care and ability to control staff essential. Salary (plus full residential emoluments) according to qualifications. Superannuation scheme. Application form obtainable from the Secretary 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

CAPABLE Nanny from May. Sole charge girl 2 and baby. Good salary. Professional family. S. London. Box 9704.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPERIENCED practical economist (36) offers his services as adviser (full-time or part-time) to a firm, group of firms or to an organisation. Specialised knowledge of raw materials, international trade and overseas economic affairs; skilled negotiator, fluent for organising and capable of handling people. Write Box NS 511, L.P.E., 110 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

MAN (28), German, sks. post in commerce/journalism/broadcasting. Fluent English. Abitur., 2 yrs. study of Economics & Politics at Oxford. Box 9679.

DOCTOR'S widow, 38 yrs., trained nurse, parentage German-Jewish origin, seeks post as Housekeeper-Companion where girl 2 yrs. welcome. London preferred. First-class references supplied. Box 9671.

EDUCATED Englishwoman, 33, two boys 7 and 8, returning shortly from Australia, needs living in post. Anything reasonable considered, can cook. Box 9669.

HONOURS Grad., 31, fluent German, French, seeks intg. post. Box 9651.

LONDON M.A. student, woman, 26. Hons. French & Latin, expd. teacher, sks. coaching or any part-time post. WOR. 1758.

WOMAN undergrad., Irish, desires temp. post, pref. residential, free mid-March-May 1. Anything considered. Box 9626.

EXPD. blind telephonist desires employment in City or, better still, more resp. position, resp. some intelligence & organising ability. Good appearance; Higher School Certificate; slight knge. French. Germ. Spanish amateur radio, dogs, horses, men. Box 9558.

HUMANE Employer sought by 3 young people, 2 male, one female; anywhere, anything. Reasonable spare time. Cooking, typing, odd jobs, French, Italian, carpentry, book-keeping, estate maintenance, decorating. Box 9450.

YOUNG woman executive, civilised, intelligent, personable, wants work where ability to deal with people & to write clear, good English are expected. Box 9444.

EXPERIENCED sec., S.T. (free odd half-days). ARC. 1765, ext. 1 MOU. 1701.

EXPERIENCED teacher offers French conversation classes. Box 9447.

YOUNG lady wishes employment as apprentice in studio pottery? Some knowledge of the craft. Training College Art and Craft lecturer. Box 9365.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DUPLICATING, typing, express service, office staff supplied. Southern Secretarial Agency, 69, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. ABB. 1511/2.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1. (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit., MSS., Commercial documents, etc. Impeccable work. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

HAZEL Porteous offers prompt, efficient Typewriting Service. MSS., Short stories, plays, theses, etc. 79 Hamilton Road, Felixstowe. Telephone 390.

DUPLICATING typing verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Bayswater 1786.

LITERARY typing. Theses, Short Stories, Novels carefully copied from MSS. Hamling, Bull Ring, Thaxted, Essex. Tel. 242.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days service for MSS of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

LITERARY typing, 7-day or 4-day service. Short stories duplicating, etc.—24 hrs. Dictating machine service. Indexing, proof-reading, etc. Translns. (all languages). Temporary staff. Secretarial Aunts, 501/2 Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHI. 6411/2, also Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8579.

TYPING, etc.—continued

AUTHORS recommend lit. typist. Prossy, 16 Whitehouse Ave., Bexhill-on-Sea.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24 hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

NEAR Baker St., facing park, large bay-window divan bed-sitting room. Electric heating, telephone in room. Breakfast served. Cooking facilities. Tel. Amb. 3320.

ACCOMMODATION available in Hostel, April 4 to April 21. Pleasant surroundings, gardens, easy access to West End. Home comforts. Apply early to Warden, 18 St. John's Wood Park, N.W.8.

DEAN Court, 57 Inverness Ter., W.2. Incl. bkfst. from 5½gns. sgle., 6½gns. dble. Din. from 15s. sgle., 21s. dble. BAY. 2774.

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

LARGE single divan-room in woman doctor's maisonette. Partial service. Use of kit. £8 10s. monthly. PRE. 1202 before 12.30.

CHARMING balcony bed-sit. rm. in modern block. Every con. Breakfast optnl. W.C.1 area. Please ring TER. 3752.

SEMI-furn. rm., cooking facilities, use bath; rm. 27s. 6d. wkly. incl. Nr. Southfields Station. Suit Bachelor. Box 9456.

WEST Kensington: several small furn. flats to avail. from 4-6gns. p.w. to be let on 6-12-month tenancies. Responsible & careful tenants only. Box 9401.

QUEEN Anne Guest House, facing Blackheath. Easy access London Br., Charing X, gd. food, Slumberland beds. LEE 6756.

FURNISHED room in house run by young people for student or artist at £2 p.w. plus share in running expenses. Box 9747.

APPLICATIONS are invited for flats with 1 to 3 rooms and bathroom in large house in Kent, 25 miles from London, preferably from professional men and women with young children. Nursery school and schooling to 11, and dining club facilities available on the premises. Capital contributions to the Company between £900 and £2,250, according to size of flat. The Company is non-profit making. References are available. Box 9312.

FURNISHED Cott., Sunny Wicklow village 15 miles Dublin, 3 rms., water, elec. To let monthly. Mills, 28 Herbert Pl., Dublin.

DESOLATE. Our neighbours going abroad. Their thatched cottage farm in Clee Hills, Shropshire for sale. We want to replace them. Box 9555.

CONNEMARA, Eire. Thatched 3-roomed seaside cottage to let or sell. P. Joyce, Ungwee, Letterfrack, Co. Galway.

CONNEMARA, Coast. Fully equipped mod. bung. to let, June Aug. Plaistowe, 14 Roebuck Lane, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

ASHDOWN Forest. Furn. holiday bungalow, sleeps 7. Elsan, Calor gas, elec. li., garage. 2 acres orchard & woodland. 20 miles sea, 8 miles E. Grinstead. Free Apr., July, £5 10s. p.w. Box 9504.

EXCHANGE s/c Knightsbridge maisonette, 2 rms., kitchen & bath, £130 p.a., for something larger. Ring Sloane 7481.

YOUNG cple (architects) req. flat, pref. unfurn. W. S.W. Lond., 2/4 rms., mod. rent. Willing redecorate. Box 9554.

INDIAN student reqs. accom. paying guest London area end March. Box 9692.

UNFURN. flat 3/4 rooms, London area, reqd. by middle-aged professional couple. Quiet, considerate tenants. Box 9584.

YOUNG res. Engineer and wife (teacher) desperately require unfurnished flat or rooms within reach of Ealing. Suggestions welcomed. Box 9705.

YOUNG couple, university graduates, require small unfurn. s/c flat, reasonably near West End. Box 9455.

WANTED to rent for any four weeks between July 5 and August 30, detached secluded house, 4-5 bedrooms. Preferably S. or E. coast. O'Shaughnessy, 47 Rowdean Rd., Barnet, Herts. Barnet 4836.

300,000 houses and we want a flat! Young business couple seek unfurn. accom. in accessible to London. Payment within reason for fittings or renovations. A. Squirrell, 15 Argyle Gdns., Upminster, Essex.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

FOR Sale. Detached House (1939), 2 Rec., 3 Bed., Kitchen. All mod. cons. Large garden. Reasonable price. Dble. Sidings, Bourton Rd., Buckingham.

FOR Sale, Hillside smallholding, 14 acres, West Country, partly developed as pig farm; completely fenced, piped water, part arable, part rough, part woodland, huts, equipment. 30ft. bungalow used as store. Would suit lover of wild surroundings yet accessible bus to University town. Box 9503.

CORNWALL. Attractive freehold house, lovely situation in hills overlooking sea near Tintagel. Sunny and sheltered. Two sitt., 3/5 bedrooms, bathroom lav. Aga kitchen, 2 acre garden. Particulars with photo supplied. £3,500 or good offer. Possession. Box 9552.

PERSONAL

YOUNG couple travelling S. France-N. Italy by car April 20, will take one or two persons, expenses shared. Box 9770.

ACCOMMODATION wanted for young Jewish girl (sitting for scholarships) from April 23 for few days with cultured family near Royal Academy of Music. Ruth Aaronberg, 12 George St., Worksop, Notts.

SCHOOLMASTER wants occupation few hours daily part April, West Country preferred; own car; remuneration secondary to congenial employment. Box 9562.

MECHANICAL Engineer (41) seeks interesting position in London. Practical and design experience (to chief draughtsman), machine and production tools, mechanical and time instruments. Travelled, good Spanish, fair French. Some electrical, photographic, automobile, journalistic and literary experience. Box 9454.

MIDDLE-aged lady, non S., willing do anything, housework, nursing, care'aking, in return for home & small sal. Refs. Box 9604.

FRENCH student offered home and pocket money in exchange for light housework. Mrs. Smith, 4 Dene-hurst Gardens, Hendon.

BED-Sit. rm. furn./unfurn., return occasional sitting-in, light help children & animals. Lge. garden, open prospect. Chorley Wood. 40 mins. Baker St. Box 9533.

GYPSY Caravan. Sea/N. Pyr. Secluded. Reas. Apr.-Sept. Mt. sell. Box 9493.

PARIS 20 min. cntr. 2 rms. kit. bath. gdn. terrace tennis ct. all con. incl. transp. Let/exch. for flat London till Sept. Box 9736.

YNG. Belgian graduate, wishing to practice English, offers work in exch. for keep, England, until Sept. Small sal. Box 9605.

FLATMANSHIP—or the art of living amicably with landlords. Latter with vacancies next June/July should contact the perfect tenants (M.P.'s Secretary and Sales Representative—childless), who will consider all offers but prefer small unfurn. s.c. flat. Box 9383.

YOUNG Swiss lady, bilingual French/German, some English (social diploma) would like to stay with Anglo-Saxon family as nursery teacher or governess, preferably going overseas with them. Box 9510.

MAJORCA. Hse. for 4, lovely spot; £16 month. payable London. FLA. 8667.

WRITER, male, thirties, seeks suitable club. Write Box 9403.

BENJAMIN Kaplin, L.G.S.M., A.G.S.M. (pianoforte) has some vacancies for pupils. WEL. 6003 or TUD. 4411.

APPRECIATE Music of all periods with understanding? Expert private tuition for trained and untrained "music lovers"; specialist in adult pfte. beginners. CUN. 4470.

THREE good rooms on third floor of 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, available for office accommodation, with telephone and services. Apply by letter or 'phone EUSton 5501.

JOHN Vickers—London. Photographer. VICtoria 4915.

FINE Hand-Printing: Books of Memoirs, Poetry, Miscellanea. Editorial services. Catawel Press, 85 Bedford Gardens, W.8.

FIGHT Tory Cuts by signing Socialist Med. Assoc. Petition against Health Service charges. Forms: 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

CARAVAN to let near Bognor. New 4-berth, end kitchen, Calor gas. 2-room. Vacant April-October. Box 9378.

BACHELOR, Jewish, seeks companion (m.) under 30, inexpensive holidays Easter, Whitsun, Autumn. Box 9532.

NEW Era Projection Service: A first-class 16-mm. sound projection service can be supplied at the following rates: for audience up to 100, £2 10s.; for audience up to 200, £3; for audience up to 500, £4; for audience above 500, £5 10s. Special rates for Youth organisations. Enquiries and bookings from 40 Berwick St., W.1. GER. 8995.

CONTACT Lenses. Wear these wonder lenses while you pay for them. Choose your own practitioner. Details from The Contact Lens Finance Co., 4 Reece Mews, South Kensington, S.W.7.

HOUSEBOAT Holiday with sailing tuition. South Devon, Apl. 19-26. Few vacancies in private party. Four Winds, Highfield, Lenchworth.

MAN (32) seeks congenial companion(s) for Norway holiday, July 19. Box 9658.

HOSPITALITY and care offered for convalescence or for the aged. Lovely house—lounge & garden. HAMpstead 2281.

NARROW Boat Holidays. 12-day cruises on England's lovely waterways. Waterborn Tours C, BCM/Canals, London, W.C.1.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

FOREST School Camps. Adventurous holiday in August for boys and girls aged 6½ to 18. Expeditions and hikers. Trained staff. Apply A. R. Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

JUGOSLAV tuition/trans. Hons. Grad. Roberts, 260 New Cross Rd. NEW 1720.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Private lessons and instruction classes in Ballroom Dancing. Welbeck 4841.

PERSONAL—continued

ISLAND holiday, small fully furn. cottage on remote island off coast Donegal. 4 comf. beds, water, some mod. conv.; daily help. Own beach & use of dinghy, from Easter to Oct. Rent 5-7 gns. wkly, according to dates still available. Mayo, Wel. 1740.

CONGENIAL Hospitality and very good food offered in professional man's home—summer holidays—delightful situation near Dartmouth—beach two minutes—secluded cove. Terms from 6gns. Box 9440.

DON'T choose an "en famille" holiday if you only want a change of air and scenery and are not really interested in meeting the people of the country you visit. Otherwise, add immensely to the delight of travel by staying with the people, in their homes, through E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

AUSTRIA in summer. Two of the best tourist centres. Excursions to interesting towns and famous beauty spots. Small parties personally conducted by former Austrian. (Since 1943 school-teacher in Bucks.) Write for full partics. to Max Fuchs, Laurel Bank, Long Park, Chesham Bois, Bucks.

GERMAN.—Tuition in Grammar, Literature, conversation. Box 9487.

SISTER Allen for Colonic Irrigation. Ring WELbeck 8795.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

FRENCH & German taught by qualified teacher. Sara Herling, Ph.D., 7 Broadsbury Villas, N.W.6. Tel. Maida Vale 4657.

YUGOSLAVIA. £25 allowance gives you still a wonderful holiday (with money to spend) on famous Dalmation Coast. Favourable rate of exchange. Consult your Travel Agent or Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143 Regent Street, London, W.1.

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SEE Spain for holiday value. The holiday of your life and easily managed within the allowance. 15-day holiday in Ibiza or other attractive resorts from £34 10s. Leaves £15 for incidentals. 18-day comprehensive Coach Tour of Spain 39gns. Leaves £10 for incidentals. New brochure ready. Write now. See Spain, Ltd., Dept. N.S., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. MUS. 9351.

HOLIDAYS abroad—not "organised" or mass produced but arranged as you or your friends may want. Cyprus—15 days (by air) from £131 9s. also Malta and Gib. No currency restrictions—Europe—any country available on £75 limit with adequate spending money. Write for brochure or phone. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

BRITISH Soviet Friendship Holiday, Aug. 23-Sept. 6, Big Wood Holiday Camp, Radley, Nr. Abingdon, Berks. £5 10s. per week. Children under 10, half price. Details from British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., London, E.C.1.

SEE Vienna and Salzburg in comfort. Enjoy a Tyrolean holiday without night travel. 14-15 days £25 to £35 10s. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

COTE d'Azur, Cap Mimosa (nr. St. Tropez), magnificently situated on the blue waters' edge. A glorious holiday at the leading Riviera casino. English management. 14 days' incl. travel £29. For brochure write agents Pier Busseti, 203 Regent St., London, W.1.

UNUSUAL Holidays planned for the £25 season. Send for this year's illustrated brochure to Dept. NS, Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1. ABB. 2214/5.

CRUISING on canals—Peace, Beauty and Adventure. Wide choice of routes in lovely scenery. 600 miles of canals and rivers. Comfortable 2-6 berth cruisers. Houseboat & motorboat on lovely lake. Canal Cruising Co. (N), Stone, Staffs.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

PIANO Lessons by concert pianist, full Dutch teaching qualifications. VIC. 0820.

EDITORIAL work of all kinds, advice on MSS by experienced journalist; proof-correcting, etc. Box 9396.

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DOUGLAS Glass, Photographer, 43 Black Lion Lane, W.6. RIV. 7522.

ARE you tired and exhausted? Try Nerve Manipulation, an invigorating, stimulating and relaxing therapy. Ask for explanatory brochure. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Inquiries: Welbeck 9600.

NATURE Cure in Action. Qualified Practitioners, discussions and demonstrations. Organic farm & creative workshops. Brochure: Sec., Bluntisham House, Bedfordshire.

PRIVATE School of Painting, Drawing and Composition. Applications invited for details and prospectus write: Bernard Gay, 1A Montagu Mews South, W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

PARIS visitors are invited to read "The New Statesman" in the reading room of the Left Bank Art Centre. Books, Painting, Lending Library. 37 Rue de la Bouchetie, opposite Notre Dame, near Place St. Michel.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

WINTER Gdn. "The Constant Couple," A Comedy by Geo. Farquhar. Evs. 7. Th. 2.30. Sat. 5 & 8. Alec Clunes. Hol. 8881.

ARTS. (Tem. 3334.) Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "To See Ourselves." Mar. 27 & 6vs., 7 "Uncle Vanya." Mems. 5s. yrly.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "The Candy Story." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mems.

WORLD Premiere, Jane Austen's "Lady Susan," Bultons Theatre, Drayton Gdns., S. Kensington. Friday, March 28, for 3 weeks. Starring Dinah Sheridan (star Royal Command film "Where No Vultures Fly"), Alan Wheatley, Olga Edwardes. Club Mems. 5s. Restnt. Bar. Box Off.: KEN. 7544.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. 7.30 (ex. Mn.), Sun 5.30. "Mimes Francais." Mems. 5s. yrly.

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EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until March 23: "The Marius Trilogy." (3): Raimu in "Cesar" (A), From March 24: Pagnol's "Jofroi" (A), Walbrook & Edith Evans in "The Queen of Spades" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3311. March 23, 7.30. "Dark Waters" (A).

EMIL Jannings in "Tartuffe" directed by F.W. Murnau with Werner Krauss, Lil Dagover. First performance since 1927. Sun., March 30, at 3.30 p.m. Scala Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1. Enqs.: New London Film Society, 4 St. James's Pl., S.W.1. REG 5754.

CENTRAL Hall, Wester. "Annapurna" First peak (26,500 feet high) to be scaled by man. An epic of human achievement! Technicolour Film of French Himalayan Expedition, 1950. 1st public perf. in England. Mar. 26 and Apl. 2 at 7.30. 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. Whi. 4259 and Agts. Commentaries in English by members of Expedition.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Soviet Film, "Without Prejudice" and "Les Sylphides." Thurs., Mar. 27, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Ed. Ctee. B.S.F.S.

"LES Enfants du Paradis" (A). T.V.A. present a special performance of this Classic Film on Sunday, March 23, at Scala Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1, at 6.45 p.m.

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Royal Albert Hall, Wed., Mar. 26, at 8. Stravinsky Concert. Apollo Musagetes for String Orch.; Symphonie de Psaumes; Oedipus Rex (Opera-Oratorio in 2 Acts). Soloists: Irma Kolassi, Helmut Krebs, Raymond Nilsson, Owen Brannigan, Martin Lawrence. Speaker: Valentine Hall. London Philharmonic Choir. Basil Cameron. Tickets: 10s. to 2s. at Hall (Ken. 8212) and usual Agents.

SEEFRIED—Schneiderhan. Austrian Celebrity Concert. Mozart prog. London Mozart Players. Royal Festival Hall. March 22 at 8 p.m. 12s. 6d.–3s. 6d. WAT. 3191.

LONDON Contemporary Music Centre. Tues., Mar. 25, at 7. B.B.C. Maida Vale Studio 1. Prokofiev: Overture, Op. 42. Humphrey Searle: *Poem for 22 Strings. Denis Aplvor: *Violin Concerto; Rachel Ertcher: *Concertante for 3 Pianos, Strings and Timpani; Ibert: Divertisement. (*First performance in London.) Alan Loveday, Geraldine and Mary Peppin, Kyla Greenbutin. The London Classical Orchestra. Conductor: Trevor Harvey. Admission to members only. All enquiries L.C.M.C. Tel. MUS. 3930.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Mon., April 7, 7.30. The Society for Twentieth Century Music presents: Trefor Jones, Margaret Kitchin, Frederick Thurston, Lionel Solomon, James Macgillivray and The New London String Quartet in works by Roman Palester, P. Racine Fricker (world premiere), Aaron Copland and Peter Warlock. Tkts. 6s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from all Hampstead agents and Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAYfair 7600.

4 St. James's Square. Wed., March 26 8 p.m. Concert of Contemporary Music. Hindemith, Stravinsky, Bliss, Respighi. Guildhall Ensemble. Cond. Alan Barlow. Adm. free.

WILLIAM Glock. 10 Illustrated Lectures, "Sonata Form," "Interpretation" and "Contemporary Music." Fridays at 7.30, Mar. 28–June 6, at 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Tickets: £1 subscription or 3s. each and enquiries: J. Amis, 29a Holland Villas Rd., W.14.

MOZART, Beethoven, Haydn: Soviet orchestral tape-recordings. Fri., Mar. 28, 7.45. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Visitors 1s. 6d.

JOHN Addison sextet for Woodwind. 1st Eng. perf. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Fri., March 28, 8 p.m.

IVOR Mairants, famous guitarist on Modern Jazz. Sun., March 23, at 7.30 p.m., 66 Frognal, N.W.3. Adm. 2s. inc. refreshments. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

SUNDAY, March 23, at 8 p.m. Make new friends at International Youth Centre Social. 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3. 2s.

EVERY Saturday night, Social and Film Show presented by New Era Film Society. Social, 7–11 p.m. March 22, showing "Without Prejudice"; (U.S.S.R.), famous exposure of racist theories. Members 1s. 6d., visitors 2s.. Films 6d. At 14 Kensington Square, W.8. (Nearest Tube, High St., Ken.)

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Record Recital of Music by American-Jewish composers. Sunday, Mar. 23 at 8 p.m.

LONDON Jazz Club, 100 Oxford St., W.1. Monday Night Jazz Dancing. Members 3s., guests 4s.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Fship. League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Sat., Mar. 22, from 7.30-11 p.m. Dance, Ted Macs Band (T.U.). Folk Dancing by East London Teachers. Adm. mems. 2s. 6d., friends 3s. 6d. (refrs. incl.).

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Illustrated Catalogue 6d. post free.

NATIONAL Book League. "British Birds & Their Books." An Exhibition—Dly. 11-6 (Weds. 11-8). Mems. free; nonmems. 2s. (Sats. 1s.). 7 Albemarle St., W.1.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. "Four Young Artists: Michael Andrews, Susannah Bott, Barbara Braithwaite, Anne Rees-Mogg.

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HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Massimo Campigli. Sculpture by Giuditta Scalini. Until May 3.

ARCADE Gallery, 5 Young French Realists, Rebeyrolle, de Gallard, Dut, Thompson, Grand. First Exhibition in England. 10-5, Sat. 10-1. 28 Old Bond St., W.1.

WOMEN'S International Art Club. Annual Exhibition, including Paintings from Yugoslavia at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1 (off Haymarket), March 22 to April 14. Saturdays inclusive 10 to 5.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Works by Peter Lanyon, and Italian Contemporary Paintings. Closing March 22. From 25th: Recent Paintings by Peter Potworowski and Sculpture, Stained Glass and Graphic Work by Geoffrey Clarke.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. New Paintings by Edward Burra. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—Boudin, Braque, Degas, Delacroix, Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. Spring Assembly until April 12. And Display of select Art Books.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Theodore Garman; Watercolours by William Gaunt and Paul Peoch. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

I.F.A., 45 Park Lane, W.1. Sculpture Exhibition, Mar. 5-31. Whdays, 10 a.m.-7 p.m. Sundays, 2-7 p.m. Adm. 1s.

PHOTOGRAPHS from Life Magazine, 15 years of World History in pictures. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. 10-6 p.m. Daily inc. Sat. Sun. 2-6 p.m.

ARTISTS House Exhibition. From Abstract Art to New Realism. Sculpture, Murals, Etchings by Peri, Monette St. (Charing Cross Rd.). 11-6 dly. incl. Sat. until April 4.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. James Ward and Romantic Paintings of his Period.

WOMEN'S Institutes Exhibition of Handicrafts at Victoria and Albert Museum, March 13-26. Daily 10-5.45. Sundays 2.30-5.45. Entrance 2s. 6d.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Open daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

PARLIAMENTARY Association for World Government. One Day Conference, April 5, 1952, at Bedford College, Regent's Park, N.W.1. Speakers include Lord Beveridge, Arthur Henderson, M.P., Reader Harris, M.P., Leslie Hale, M.P., John Tilney, M.P., Gilbert McAllister. Details from The Director, Gilbert McAllister, 1 The Grove, Highgate Village, N.6.

KENNETH Younger, P.C., M.P., on "Foreign Affairs, St. Marylebone Fabian Society, Classic Restaurant, Baker St. Dinner-meeting, cost 5s. March 25 at 7 p.m.

"HUMAN Rights and Africa." Mass Meeting, Trafalgar Square, Sunday, April 6, 2.15 p.m. Dr. Hastings K. Banda, Fenner Brockway, M.P., George Padmore, John Hoyland. Organised by the World Citizens' Council for Human Rights.

SANDERSTEAD (Cranleigh Cafe, Limpsfield Rd.): China Meeting, March 24, 8 p.m. Local Sec., Mrs. Washbrook, 27 Langley Oaks Avenue.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., March 26, 7.30, St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The Budget." The Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell, M.P. 1s. 6d.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Mar. 23, H. L. Beales, M.A., "The Victorian Reversal." Questions after lecture. Adm. free. Chamber Concert 6.30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SOCIALIST Medical Assn. Pub. Mtg. "Hands off the Social Services." Spkrs.: G. Thomas, M.P., B. Castle, M.P., Dr. Barnet Stross, M.P., Dr. H. Jeules, Dr. D. Stark Murray (Chair). St. Pancras Th. Hl., Rus. Rd., N.W.1. Wed., March 26, 7.30. Adm. 1s.

W.E.A. London District Rally, Sat., March 29, 10 p.m. London School of Economics. Tickets 1s. 6d. from W.E.A., 28 Woburn Square, W.C.1, or at door.

"BRITAIN—Bridge or Battlefield." Rev. Dr. Donald Soper, Emrys Hughes, M.P., Dr. Alex Comfort, Dr. Hugenholtz, Stuart Morris, Chairman, Sybil Morrison. Central Hall, Westminster, Fri., March 21, 7.30. Buffet from 6.30. Adm. free. Some res. seats. Apply Organiser, Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUS. 5501, or Cent. Hall.

"BRITISH Civil Aviation." A lecture will be given by Charles Gardner, O.B.E., A.R.Ae.S., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Steen Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Mar. 24, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

"THE Voice of Asia"—The Cultural Heritage of Asia. Winifred Holmes, Dr. Neville Whymant. Thursday, March 27, 8 p.m. All Nations Social Club, Ltd., Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Mar. 25, James L. Henderson (National Peace Council): "The Problem of Peace." Adm. free. Collection.

"THE Czechoslovak Trade Unions and the W.F.T.U." Speaker: Mr. Desmond Buckle, E.C. member of W.F.T.U., at 20 Pont. St., S.W.1. Tues. Mar. 25, 7.45. Chair: Mr. J. Manderston. Org. by B.C.P.L.

"PARENT & Teacher Look at Soviet Children." Mrs. M. Martin, Maurice Abbey, give pres. impressions. Wed. Mar. 26, 7.30. S.C.R. 14 Kensington Sq. W.8. Vis. 1s.

"RELIGION and Industrial Relations"—Address by Mrs. Winifred Raphael, B.Sc. (Soc. Industrial Supervisor, National Institute of Industrial Psychology) at Sunday Service, March 23 at 11 a.m. at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Grd.). All welc.

THE Science of the Bible. Lecture Fri., March 28, 8 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, by Alice Barnett. Title: "The New Testament." Admission free.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gate, London, W.2. All welcome. March 23: "The Astral World."

SHAW Society: Russi McLean on "The Gentle Art of Book Making." 57 Dean St., W.1. March 28, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 1s. 6d. Dets.: 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Gowenour Place, S.W.1. March 29, at 6 p.m. M. J. Bertaud: "France, pays de la variété et de l'equilibre."

VIRGINIA Flemming: "The Savings and Management of Personal Life." At the Ethical Church, 45, Inverness Place, W.2, Sunday, March 23, at 11 a.m.

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "Personalism and Logical Positivism." Conway Hall, Wed., March 26, at 7.30 p.m. Non-Members 1s. 6d.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Wed., March 26, 6.30 p.m. "The Fruits of Compassion." Mr. E. Norman.

TARBUT La'Am (Jewish Cultural Centre), 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Sunday, March 23, 8 p.m. "The Amateur and the Professional Theatre in Israel"—S. Bunim.

"ART in Poland To-day." Film, Exhibition. Speakers: Paul Hogarth, Betty Rea. Fri., Mar. 28, 7.45 p.m. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

SOCIETY for Sex Educ. & Guidance. Mr. R. S. W. Pollard, J.P., on "Marriage Law Reform." Wed., Mar. 26, Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Adm. free.

WEST African Students' Union, 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3. Agatha Harrison on "The United Nations Organisation." March 25 at 8 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (63 Cromwell Rd., S.W.7). Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Every Tues., 7.30 p.m. Meditation & Gita. Thurs., 7.30, Mar. 27, "The Cosmos—The Microcosm." All welc.

CHRISTIAN Action Lunch-Hour Forum, Caxton Hall, Tuesday, March 25, 1.15, Christopher Hollis, M.P., on "The Artist and the Writer in an Industrial Society." Buffet.

PUBLIC Meeting: Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd. S.W.1 on Viet Nam. "Flippin' Kids" (Population & Poverty): Sun., Mar. 23, 7 p.m. Socialist Pty. of Gt. Britain.

"SPIRIT and Nature": Dr. L. J. Bendit. Sun., Mar. 23. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LINGUAFILM Cinema—11 Suffolk Street, Haymarket, S.W.1. Public showing of Language Teaching Films. Tuesday, April 1. Spanish 6 p.m., Italian 7.30. Wednesday, April 2: German 7.15, French 6 & 8.30. Admission 2s. 6d.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"SOCIALISM and the Welfare State." 9 School April 10-14 at Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, with Rt. Hon. Hilary Marquand, M.P., The Bruce Cuddon, Douglas Houghton, M.P., Emmeline Cohen, Reginald Stamp, I.C.C. Apply Fabian Soc., 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

EASTER Conference, Progressive League, April 10-14, at Grittleton House, near Chippenham, Wilts. Programme: Veronica Tyndale-Biscoe: "Movement in Relation to Psychological Health," A. Barclay Russell: "The Social Changes Inherent in the Idea of Education through Art," B. M. Smith: "The Problem of the Single Woman," Ashton Hurrell: "Human Nature—Changeable or Not?" Recreations: Ballroom and Country Dancing, Tennis, Excursion, Music and Poetry, etc. Newcomers cordially welcomed. Fees: Members £4 4s., Non-Members £4 10s. Apply to Conference Organiser, 43 West Park, London, S.E.9 (ELT. 1761).

LEARN to learn a foreign language! Prof. W. E. Collinson, Erika Wirtz (German tutor), & R. G. Fairfield (Italian tutor) will be at Brasted Park, Ipsden, Oxon, for the week-end April 4-7 to help you make a start. Write for details or 'phone Checkendon 278.

CAMBRIDGE Vacation Course on Modern English Literature. A Residential Course of unusual interest for both British and Foreign Students of English Literature will be held in Sidney Sussex College from June 21–July 7, 1952. Full particulars from F. E. Bell, M.A., Stuart House, Cambridge.

ROBERT Masters Quartet Chamber Music School; August 30-Sept. 7, Cranford House, Moulsford-on-Thames. Coaching, concerts, lectures and individual lessons. Apply Sec., 177 East St. Helen's St., Abingdon, Berks.

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1906. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornmill Press Ltd., Percy Gardens, Mumford Street, London, E.C.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.